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TALES OF THE MANOR.

VOL. I.

HODSONS, Printers, Cross Street, Hatton Garden.

TALES

OF THE

MANOR.

By the Author of

THE PRIVATE HISTORY OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND,

&c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

"I consider my reader as a friendly fellow-traveller, with whom I roll through towns and villages, or, perhaps, sometimes lose myself, in an agreeable or romantic footpath. Whoever is so disposed, may saunter carelessly by my side, and accept of the nosegay of wild flowers which I mean to pluck for him."

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

LONDON:

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1809.

249. s. 231.

INTRODUCTION.

IN one of the pleasantest southern counties in England, stood an ancient Manor House, from whose gothic windows the eye enjoyed the most rich and varied prospects; a lawn skirted by woods, whose umbrageous foliage checked the otherwise too open extent of a spacious park; while from every part of the house was beheld, in different forms and points of view, a chapel, dedicated, in ancient times, to the most favoured female saint of popish canonization.

This Manor, from a line of noble ancestors, was now, by legal descent, in

the possession of Sir George Bennington, a knight of some learning, a good share of pride, but of principles very relaxed. Born to a large fortune and to an undisputed inheritance, Sir George gave way to all the sallies of an overheated imagination; in conjunction with an uncurbed and unbounded inclination for the pleasnres of the bottle, and the favour of those easy fair ones, where much trouble is not requisite to be observed towards the completion of desire: such imagined themselves highly honoured by the caresses and presents of a baronet.

Unfortunately for Sir George, at that early period of life, when the principles of the human mind begin to develope themselves, and are easily moulded according to the impressions they take, the new philosophy was broached which taught, that if we are not to

give way to our passions they would never have been implanted in the breast of man; this was a pleasant doctrine to a naturally warm complexion, and thus Sir George Bennington, according to his favourite system, became the dupe of this false reasoning, and gave unbounded indulgence to his favourite inclinations: this conduct was however in some, degree extenuated by the natural excellency of his heart and an hospitality almost proverbial.

He had married his lady when she was at the early age of fifteen; he loved her with adoration and thought her superior to all her sex; and yet at the time that he acknowledged her superior merit and thought her person and manners unequalled, he frequently preferred the company and conversation of not only the lowest of his female

servants, but also that of the frail village wives round the neighbourhood of the Manor.

The person of Lady Bennington was handsome, and her mind possessed of great delicacy; the oppositeness of her husband's disposition and pursuits gave her feelings the keenest pangs; but her good sense soon taught her that the fears she had at first felt for the future conduct of a numerous and growing offspring, were groundless; for Sir George by giving himself up to drinking and low company, did not make vice appear amiable enough for youths, who were enjoying the happiness of a polite and liberal education, to adopt.

Her resignation gave a romantic turn to her mind, which though gay

and hospitable among the friends she loved, was naturally of a plaintive turn.

The Manor House was generally crowded with company in the summer season; but the roads to it in winter, especially when that winter happened to be severe, prevented the friends of Lady Bennington from visiting her so often as they wished, and Sir George kept no town house, being devoted to hunting, shooting, and other rural sports. Lady Bennington passed the greatest part of the winter in reading, of which she was extremely fond; and the frequent absences of her husband gave her sufficient leisure for this her favourite amusement; her eldest daughter Sophia, arrived at a companionable age, had just quitted the boarding school, and was the cherished

comfort of her inestimable mother, whose delight was in listening to her improvements and regulating those studies, which though they generally consisted in the perusal of the works of fiction, this valuable parent took care should be always correct.

A law suit having called Sir George to London, in a winter memorable for a deep and heavy fall of snow, the compassionate Lady Bennington could not endure the thought of sending a man and horse to the circulating library, which was situated three miles from the Manor. The evening after Sir George's departure, her Sophia and herself knew not how to amuse themselves; they had turned over and over every volume in Sir George's diminutive library, for reading was by no means, his favourite occupation.

How frequently had Sophia gazed at the window all the tedious morning, and perceived to her great mortification the snow falling with increased thickness, while the heavy and yellow looking atmosphere discovered a full store of the same dazzling though comfortless meteor.

An hour before dinner, when Lady Bennington came down from her dressing room, Sophia said to her, "Did you ever see, Mamma, on that great stair-case, which we so seldom go up, and which leads directly to the vaulted chamber, a piece of faded tapestry which hangs over a little door?" "Yes, and what of that?" answered Lady Bennington. "Did you ever open the door?" interrogated Sophia. "No, it is not a door, I believe it is only the appearance of one: if it has been

one, it has been nailed up and the place filled in with bricks and mortar." But Sophia was not satisfied with this explanation, she could not sleep the following night; the recess, the closet, or whatever it might be concealed behind that door so mysteriously covered with tapestry, haunted her dreams, and she determined to rise early and give one of the men servants some money to unnail the door for her. The silver bribe she held out, easily gained over one of the labourers employed upon the farm, and Sophia, with breathless exultation, pulled out a parcel of papers from among the bricks and mortar, with which this place was filled up, covered with dust and cobwebs. She ran overjoyed into the apartment of Lady Bennington, who astonished at the appearance of her daughter, had scarce time to enquire into the cause of it, when

Sophia cried out in rapture, "Oh! Mamma, I am sure I have now found something to amuse us, for here are papers full of writing." Lady Benington, who had not the least idea of being entertained by this writing, which perhaps might be as ancient as the old Manor itself, told her daughter coolly, to lay it down, and go and arrange her appearance fit to bear her company at the breakfast table.

Towards evening, at the repeated solicitations of Sophia, the manuscript being brushed and cleared from its coat of dust, Lady Benington ventured to look at the writing; she perceived it was written in a fair, plain hand, and in very modern English: how it came concealed where her daughter had found it, was to her an inconceivable mystery. On a nearer investigation,

she found it to consist of a collection of tales, some historical, blended with fiction, and others the mere effusions of fancy.

Knowing that Sir George would be detained from home for some time, she felt completely gratified in having thus ensured some novel entertainment, and which on that account would compensate, she hoped, for that limited collection the circulating library of a country town is only able to afford: she devoted therefore, a settled portion of time every evening to this discovered work; the interesting Sophia reading it aloud to her, while she employed herself at her needle.

TALE THE FIRST.

THE HISTORY

OF THE

MARCHESE DI VINCENZA.

FERDINANDO, the Marchese di Vincenza, the last surviving branch of an ancient family in Tuscany, had the misfortune to kill his antagonist in a duel: but as riches and rank are generally certain of gaining friends, and even magnifying vices into virtues, what in a poor man would have been deemed murder, and punished with the utmost rigour, in this wealthy and powerful Marchese was deemed spirit and bravery, that admitted of every indul-

gence, though an infringement of the law, and readily procured him a full pardon from the Pope.

Vincenza with an elegant figure, had a countenance more noble and engaging than beautiful; the openness and sincerity of his character were strongly marked in his features: however his mind was actuated by his feelings was evinced particularly in his eyes; and though that mind was great, he was of a temper impatient of controul, and hasty to a fault.

Though he had attained the age of eight and twenty, he was hitherto a stranger to love; but he was soon to experience its utmost rigour, and as all his soul's affections were in the extreme, to become the victim of a passion as hopeless as it was unbounded.

Born and educated in the land of beauty, he had transiently admired each captivating face among his fair countrywomen, without being able to fix an attachment; without finding in one of them a kindred soul: while the many high born ladies who aspired to an alliance with him, by their rage of conquest and their too studied endeavours to appear lovely in his eyes, defeated their purpose, and a languid disgust, which though concealed under an overstrained politeness easily seen through, succeeded to the gay indifference he had once conceived for them.

After his companion had fallen by his hand, he grew gloomy and dissatisfied with every thing around him; and would often exclaim to himself, "Alas! in a rash, ungoverned moment of fren-

zied passion, I have slain the youl
whose acquaintance I once was eag
to procure, and whose oft-times co
ciliating and amiable manners, ma
me anxious to call by the endearin
name of friend! in his grave lies buri
my momentary resentment, while deep
planted in my breast is the piercin
thorn of remorse: from my eye no
drops the tear of unavailing repentan
and pity; that eye which lately gleam
with fury, and that breast which seem
only alive to the thoughts of reveng
heaves continually the painful sigh
deep remorse—and for what was n
revenge? for giving me the lye wh
we were both flushed with wine, a
for his not paying a proper respect
his more sober moments, to that emp
rank, which, only, even in the eye
a vain and ridiculously judging worl
could be found to set me above him."

Ferdinando, with all his headstrong passions, was yet possessed of that meekness which is often ready to take those errors to itself of which others are guilty, and accused himself of being the *sole* aggressor, if only so in a very small share.

The young man who fell by his hand was highly to blame: he had repeatedly treated the Marchese with great indignity, for which he refused to make even the slightest apology.

Vincenza had a servant who might be justly deemed a treasure, though neither in possession of birth or a liberal education: so far from being blest with the latter advantage, his ideas were strongly clouded with the superstition of the times he lived in: being a native of France, he had all the vivacity

of that nation; and he was eminent for the virtues of his heart more than for those of the head: as he was in his master's confidence, he would sometimes presume to give him advice, when he saw that serenity on his countenance which invited him to take the freedom of so doing.

La Valleé, the above mentioned servant lad, with affectionate sorrow had seen a gloom stealing over the mind of the Marchese, to which he had ever been unaccustomed; and an idea suggested itself to the servant which he was eager to unfold to his master: he had formed a plan which he imagined, if put in practice, might be a means of restoring tranquillity to his dear lord, and at the same time afford much pleasure to himself; yet such was the affection of this

faithful creature, that self was only a secondary motive to his present wish.

Eager to communicate his proposal, he gently opened the door of a saloon which the Marchese was pacing in an agitated frame of mind, busied in the reflections before described.

Vincenza turned his eyes towards the door, they glared with ferocity on La Valleé; who, bowing submissively, immediately withdrew, plainly perceiving that this was not a time to acquaint his master with his present design.

In about two hours more he returned; the Marchese was still gloomy: "How often, Sir," said he, turning hastily to poor La Valleé, "am I to be entertained with the movement of that door? cannot I be left a few mi-

nutes alone?" "It is at least two hours," said La Valleé, trembling—but before he could finish what he was going to utter, the Marchese raised his voice, and the word "Begone!" uttered in a more imperious manner than La Valleé had ever experienced from him, obliged him to shut the door, and keep his scheme to himself for that day at least.

The entrance of a faithful and confidential servant, whose simplicity and cheerfulness had often beguiled the listless or gloomy hour, dissipated by this repetition of his visit the dark thoughts which at that time had taken possession of the bosom of Ferdinando: the tear of self reproach started into his eye, and striking his forehead, he exclaimed; "I am a proud unworthy being, an abject wretch, crawling on this earth with

contemptuous haughtiness, unfit to live! why should I speak thus harshly to a dependant, whose servitude it behoves me to soften, and not to increase his slavery: of frail mortality is he not my brother? are we not equally children of the dust, and heirs to earthly sorrow?"

The Marchese that night had some young noblemen to sup with him: a mistake in the disposal of the wine, in which the *Lachryma Christi* had been forgot till it was too late to procure it, and which La Vallee knew had been all exhausted at a preceding banquet, again ruffled the temper of Vincenza, and deterred the depressed servant from acquainting his master with his plan, while he was helping him to undress, though he spoke to him with great freedom, and seemed willing and desirous of making amends

for his hasty expressions, by every good-humoured phrase and appellation he could make use of: but La Valleé's heart was too full; he had never before experienced so much unkindness from his beloved master in one month, as he had on that day.

When alone, Vincenza again became the prey of his reflections; and after a sleepless night, he ordered his coffee to be brought into his chamber. While he was taking it, he prevented the wishes of his servant by speaking to him in the following manner:

"What do you think, La Valleé, the Signor Anselmo who is but lately come to his estate, means to place it in the hands of his major domo to take care of, and to pass several years in travelling: he means first to take the tour

of Europe, and after that to visit the other quarters of the globe." The countenance of La Valleé brightened up:—" I think," continued the Marchese, without observing him, " it must be an excellent remedy to dissipate the mind." La Valleé now thought he could not have a fairer opportunity to speak. " Ah! Sir, said he, without travelling all over the globe, I think there may be something in the travelling way to cure your melancholy." " I am not melancholy," replied Vincenza, with quickness. " No, Sir, no," said the valet, hesitating, " but pardon me, if—" " Speak freely my good La Valleé," said the Marchese. " Why then pardon me, Sir, if I say, you are not the man I formerly knew you to be." " No, La Valleé," said Vincenza, with a deep sigh, " I am not." " Ah! Sir, if you would but take my

advice, if you would go into France, I am sure you would soon be as merry as the best of them; Ah! Sir, they are all so gay there; so happy, nothing but singing and dancing; not idling and lying about all day upon couches, like the Italian Signors; no, no, *toujous gai, chantant, dansant,* and sometimes working, but singing as they work; always cheerful, always merry! God knows whether my poor old father be yet living; Ah! Sir, pardon my presumption; how happy would he be to receive you under his humble roof; though he could not welcome you as the Marchese di Vincenza, yet, he would set before you choice cream, delicious fruits, and Oh! Sir, such eggs and butter; all Italy cannot produce such! pardon me, Sir, I fear my tongue has ran on at random: and Oh!

perhaps that father I now speak of may be no more."

"La Valleé," replied the Marchese, "I love to hear the tongue of sincerity, speak from the dictates of an honest heart; you know how happy it sometimes makes me to enter the humble cottages of contented poverty; frequently like my great ancestor Antiochus, have I in humble disguise, sat at the peasant's board, and heard truths of those of exalted birth, which, though not to the credit of the owners, has been an useful lesson to me, to regulate my own conduct by:" "And yet," said La Valleé, encouraged by his master's affability, "do you recollect the peasant Paulo, of Mentoni, the little village on the right?" "Yes," said the Marchese, "proceed." "Ah! Sir," said La Valleé, "he knew you not,

when disguised in my clothes; and when he spoke of the Marchese, my master, he described him as a headstrong, passionate young man; then how your brow became clouded, and you took your leave in high displeasure." "Too well, too well, I remember that instance of my pride and folly!" said Vincenza. "Ah! but I remember too, and can never forget it, that the next morning you sent a purse full of money, with these memorable words:— "A reward to him, who with the voice of truth had instructed the child of pride and luxury!" "Peace, peace; no more of that," said the Marchese, "come, to our travelling scheme; I am in haste to put it into execution." "To France?" said La Valleé, with a look of eager expectancy. "Ay, let it be to France, as well as to any other place, for I am determined never to

return to Italy again." "Oh! Sir," said the faithful valet, the tears starting to his eyes, "what are you saying? what, leave these fair domains, the seat of your ancestors? these gardens, which may vie with paradise; through which my late lady, the beautiful Marchesa, has often led your prattling infancy: Ah! I was but a little boy myself then; for she had taken me from a numerous family, to provide for me, when she visited France one Summer; yet, how well I remember our little village of La Breé, and the castle de la Hogue, in the village adjoining to it; where they say the ghosts walk by moonlight; and so when you gave me leave about twelve years ago, to go to see my parents, at that time La Hogue was lying almost in ruins; for it was haunted, and no one would live in it, and so it went to decay."

The latter part of La Valleé's speech made the Marchese smile; but unwilling to hurt the feelings of his servant, he immediately changed the conversation, and the travelling scheme was no more spoken of for the present.

The next morning it was renewed; every plan for it was formed with vigilance and dispatch, and in a few weeks the Marchese and his faithful servant sat out for France.

They had a wearisome journey over the Alps; La Valleé often sighed deeply, and though he had obtained the summit of his wishes, he could not forbear casting a look of regret on the country he had just quitted. "My mule, Sir," said he, to the Marchese, "has stumbled three times, and that is a very bad omen." "I am not apt to believe in

omens," replied Ferdinando, "or I should be very superstitious; thrice I dreamt last night, that my confessor stood before me, and with a supplicating voice, entreated me not to think of leaving Italy: no monk, you well know, is more austere than Rembardo, his rigidity and consequence never relax even to the proudest of our nobility: yet, when this morning, I requested a blessing from the venerable father, the tears trickled down his aged cheeks, and while he pressed me to his bosom, with a voice broken with sobs, and inarticulate with tenderness, he said, "Be blessed, my son, may every felicity frail mortality can enjoy, be thine; but never hope for happiness in this life, unchequered by trouble; the wandering spirit which now possesses thee, I fear bespeaks a mind ill at ease: attend to the last advice perhaps Rembardo will

ever bestow upon you." "Oh! father," said I, interrupting him, "say not so, I will return, and soon; (and indeed La Valleé, if I live, I will,) it was not my first intention so to do, but I trust on my again seeing Italy, to be blest with your wise counsels, and endeavour each day to profit more and more by them."

He looked wistfully on me, shook his head with such a prophetic look of doubt, that I was half inclined to put off our intended journey. "Let me," said he, "before we part, perhaps for ever, intreat of you, to endeavour as much as possible to moderate your passions; even if their bias is good, they are always *unsafe*, and sometimes *fatal* guides: seek to attain the first of all earthly blessings—content; it will teach you to restrain that impetuosity which

often hurries you on to rashness." I bowed in token of my obedience; my heart was full, I could not speak; and the reverend father solemnly repeating the word farewell, left me in that reverie, from which you awakened me, when you came to tell me the mules were in waiting."

A silence of some minutes now ensued; the fears and prognostications of La Valleé being by no means diminished by this account of his master's interview with the monk. Vincenza spoke first; "We have now," said he, "lost sight of the palaces of my ancestors." "Good now," said La Valleé, "let us, if it pleases you, Sir, change the subject and try to be merry; the guide that goes before us sings a good song, would you like to hear him?" "By all means," replied the Marchese,

In a sweet plaintive voice, the guide began an air with the burden of **Ecco dove mi doleva.*—La Valleé was disappointed: "Is that the way, *animale,* that you mean to make us merry? why you have made my master weep; neither can I tell what is the matter with my eyes; for I cannot see clear, and the water will gush out of them in spite of me: but I want you to make us laugh." The guide then, without being asked, began a lively satire on the times; and La Valleé and his master frequently joined in its chorus of † *Cosi va 'l mondo.*

"Thou art a clever fellow," said the Marchese, "and I am sorry we shall lose your company at the termination

* That was the cause of my grief.

† So goes the world

of these mountains: I am passionately fond of vocal music, and if you will accompany this honest fellow and myself the remainder of my travels I will make it worth your while." "Pardon me, my lord," said the guide, "I would not quit my present way of life for the world: in the first place it dissipates those melancholy ideas from my mind which are too apt to find a place there." "Now I should imagine," replied the Marchese, "the continual sameness of travelling over the Alps, so often as you must be obliged to, would cause melancholy, instead of alleviating it."

The guide answered not a word, the Marchese turned to look upon him and saw his face was bathed in tears; yet, in spite of the grief which overshadowed it, his countenance was noble,

nor had it one trait of that plebeian stamp, which often shews itself in the lower class of people, however beautiful their features; he had much the air of a foreigner, his hair and eyes were lighter, and his complexion much fairer than that of the Italians in general; add to this, though he spoke the language with correctness and purity, (a circumstance which had much astonished Vincenza) yet there was an accent, particularly when he sang, that possessed quite a foreign character. When he seemed to have his usual tone of tranquillity, Vincenza said to him, "I have remarked a pronunciation in some of your words, which tells me you are not a native of this country?" "Oh; no," replied the guide, "I was born in Germany, where I resided till I had attained the age of twenty-three; as we have yet many miles to

go, and have much day before us, I will, to amuse you Sir, relate my singular history, for you appear to me a person that will not only be interested for an unfortunate man, but I think while my adventures entertain, they may also instruct: yes, Sir, that is the only service now left in my power to render my fellow creatures, and to you, the only one who has appeared to regard me with any degree of interest, it will be a comfort to disclose my sorrows, and to let my fate warn you against the indulgence of pride and unrestrained passion."

Vincenza turned alternately from red to pale. My crimes, my follies, thought he, are like the first murderer's, written on my forehead; surely the Almighty has set on me his mark that all men may know me! Here is a

mule driver, whom I never saw b
warning me against the dreadful e
of pride and passion! While he
buried in this soliloquy, the guide,
thought he was silent, from his
tion to him, began his story as fol

HISTORY

OF

THE MULE DRIVER.

"YOU will scarcely credit me, Sir, when I inform you that I am a prince of one of the petty states of Germany; a liberal education was bestowed upon me, and at the age of seventeen I bade fair to be all that the fondest wishes of my parents could form; learned, brave, and possessed of a person, in point of beauty, above the line of mediocrity: accuse me not of vanity, Sir, in thus speaking of myself, it was a thing so generally allowed, that, as handsome as the Duke of Welmair, was a proverbial expression well known in the state that gave me birth: alas! no traces now

remain to feed my vanity, or increa
that pride in my breast, for which r
anxious parents felt the utmost soli
tude, ere I had quite attained my twe
tieth year.

"I will speak, Sir, of myself as
I was relating the adventures of a stra
ger, and if I am obliged to be som
times an egotist, the dark shades of n
character will but form too striking
contrast with my good principles,
suffer the liberal hearer to accuse
of self applause.

"Added to this pride which ga
serious concern to my parents were
the marks of not only a passionate h
in some degree, a revengeful dispo
tion; these, at the college, and aft
wards in my travels, sufficiently in

cated themselves to give the keenest alarm to parental anxiety.

"After making the tour of Europe, and acquiring each different language and accomplishment, when I had arrived at my twenty-third year I paid a visit to the country to which you are now going. Oh! France, scene of my happiness, cause of all my sorrow, may thy footsteps, thou interesting stranger, tread there only the paths of delight! may the remembrance of the wretched De Welmair only be recollected with that soft emotion of benevolent pity, that softens instead of agonizing the heart. My passions have been my destruction, my pride has been my ruin! My woes are of my own seeking, and I willingly have vowed to carry the punishment of them to the grave! My will, my sovereign master,

whose imperious mandate I ever obeyed; the ardent glow of unrestrained affections, rendered love, when he took possession of my breast, no common inmate. I became deeply enamoured of the only child of an old French officer; his birth was not low, but it was only *honest*, which though far above *noble*, was too degrading for me to think of allying myself unto.

"Emilie was rich only in personal beauties, mental virtues, and some elegant accomplishments, which a lady of high rank, having observed her natural genius for, especially in painting and music, had indulged her in the attendance of masters to teach those acquirements, and for which the good lady had been at the sole expence. The voice of Emilie was sweet, soft, and penetrated to the heart: lovely, more

than beautiful, her countenance captivated, no one knew why; but an irresistible magic seemed to preside around her, which enchained all who approached her, and made them feel it almost impossible to quit her captivating society. Oh! it was her mind, the seat of virtue, of truth, and cheerful innocent gaiety; her purity void of starched rigidity, her refined sense, diffident of itself and seeking information from others; this heavenly mind diffused itself around her, shone in her sweet eyes, gave smiles to her coral lips, while health and native modesty lighted up the roseate glow in her cheeks, and rendered Emilie more irresistible than the most admired court beauty that ever glittered in that polished hemisphere .Pardon me, Sir, for thus dwelling on a subject, the cause of my lost happiness and present sorrow.

Oh Emilie! thy injuries and those of thy revered parent are avenged.

"I soon, too soon perceived I was not indifferent to the charming Emilie: her father, in whom all the hero shone, who honoured the name of a soldier and embellished it by the dignity and suavity of his manners, I could hardly persuade myself was not of noble extraction; foolish prejudice! which will not suffer us to see that often if the peasant had our advantages of education, how high he might tower above us.

"Valcour, the father of Emilie, had seen much of the great world; and to a polite education he united their manners, which he had imbibed from a continual intercourse with them.

"I found his daughter requisite to my happiness; and the possession of her a felicity I could not think of foregoing; I therefore eagerly cultivated the acquaintance of the father, who was pleased with my company; and Emilie and I would sing duets together, and play at piquet during his little absences, which the envy of her neighbours soon construed into an imprudent conduct on her side, and encouragement of one too much her superior ever to think of marrying her, so that they soon desisted from their visits, and Emilie and myself were very frequently left tête-a-tête together.

"In these hours of blissful solitude so favourable to love, I observed Emilie with precision; I saw her soul above and incapable of disguise; it shone

confessed in her love-illumined eyes; delighted, I beheld my advantage, and yet I felt a repugnance invincible to seize basely and dishonourably an unguarded minute, to render the beloved of my soul for ever wretched. But then the pride of the House of Welmair must not sink so low as to take the unportioned daughter of a needy officer to be his Duchess! and now—behold that once haughty De Welmair guiding travellers over the Alps! Oh! blessed retribution!

"I succeeded one evening in obtaining her consent to the offer I made her of my person and fortune; sweet innocent! transported with happiness, she blushed, and faintly articulated a modest consent; she heeded not that my insidious artifice had forbore to mention my unworthy hand, or that I had carefully avoided saying,

I would raise her to the rank of becoming my wife.—She permitted the caresses I lavished on her, with bashful freedom, till she thought I merited a repulse. Her father was engaged on his military duty, and was not expected home for some hours; judge my guilty surprise, when I saw him suddenly enter the room, and regard me with the stern and overawing air of superior virtue." "Prince," said he, "you have disgraced your title and dignity, by endeavouring to seduce the only child of a man whose sword is his sole portion, as her virtue is hers: I have heard your ensnaring proposal, I have witnessed the artifice of your caresses. Begone, Sir; quit my humble and outraged abode this instant."

"Insolent plebeian! said I, do you think you shall dare to insult the Duke

de Welmair with impunity? Alas! Sir, I knew not what I did; pride, rage, and disappointment had transformed me to a fiend: I sprang forward, and aimed a blow at the father of my Emilie; at that worthy man, who had given being to the most virtuous and perfect work of nature! Emilie, angelic sufferer, threw herself between us, and received all the force of the brutal blow! she fell senseless at my feet, the blood gushed from her lovely mouth, and I stood, in statue like horror, while Valcour cried out, 'The villain has killed my child!' He seized me by the collar, I suffered myself, with unresisting stupidity, to be taken, while a guard was sent for to drag me to prison.

"There reason returned with agonizing force; but she did not conquer

ride and revenge: I felt eager, in any ay, to wreak my vengeance on Val- our; I learnt, with unspeakable joy, at Emilie was in a fair way of reco- ery; and had only been stunned by e blow."

" The dreadful idea of the rack no nger torturing my mind, with the ished thoughts of an ignominious ath, so fled every remaining trace f penitent emotion, and acknowledge- ent of injuries inflicted on the brave alcour, for whom I now entertained invincible hatred: I ardently wished behold once more the lovely Emilie; see her, I well knew would rivet y affection for her yet more strongly; ut I determined to leave no efforts un- ied to behold her, but all were in ain.

"My punishment was destined to be a twelvemonth's imprisonment; and I hugged my chains, with a malicious ardour, that at the expiration of that time I could seek revenge on the person of the ignoble Valcour, who had thus indignantly triumphed over the liberty of a prince.

"About three weeks before my allotted confinement was at an end, a young gentleman requested to see me,—no one that had once seen the animated and captivating face of Emilie, could forget it; no habit could disguise its peculiar expression, and in the lovely boy that stood before me, I beheld my heart's idol.

"I clasped her trembling form in my arms, and hid her abashed and blushing countenance in my palpitat-

bosom. 'De Welmair,' said she, n affecting tone, 'my dear father's th has been severely shaken, and has obtained permission to retire the fatigues of a military life; alas! he is now about to quit this d! Oh! ere he takes his final leave , I charge you to obtain his for- ness, to present yourself before him, be reconciled to each other before ial separation may render it im- licable.'

My heart rose indignant at the idea king forgiveness of Valcour; and gh I determined to make amends milie for my rash conduct, I was resolved that her father should ne- while he lived, reap the advantage : not even the idea of his lying on ed of death could eradicate the rooted hatred I felt for him.

Emilie, said I, your father chose to pervert my words, when he heard me address you; it ever was, and is still my intention to marry you; but now, not even he must know it, for from letters I have received (since my well-merited confinement) of my father's death, I am become invested with some higher dignities than I before enjoyed; and not only them, but many of my great possessions must be confiscated if I marry any other than a lady of high quality, whom the reigning prince has thought proper to chuse for me; he is very old, infirm, and unhealthy; he cannot live long, and at his death I shall have it in my power to declare my beloved Emilie the acknowledged wife of my heart, and the partner of my high and splendid fortunes; the chosen ornament to my dignity, and to her own elevated

station. 'But, oh! De Welmair,' said she, 'my father, I know, still loves you; to him surely you might with safety confide the secret of his child's happiness! Oh! he will forgive all that is past, and perhaps it may be a means of—' Oh! lovely maid, why didst thou so often repeat the word forgiveness? You knew not the low and demoniac pride that rankled in this dark bosom. Guilty of fraud, I had forged a tale invented by malice alone, and now plunged deeper in deceit, by declaring that my angelic mother, who studied only my happiness, charged me, in spite of the prince's prohibition, to please only myself in the choice of my wife: at the same time, as I expected her blessing, to let no one but that wife and the priest who should unite us, be acquainted with it, until the prince's death, continued I, which

cannot now be far off, shall leave me at liberty.

"Thus did the pride of De Welmair vilely debase itself, and descend to the meanest falsehoods to deprive a father of happiness, whose only fault had been anxiety for a daughter's virtue: true, too true, indeed it was, that my angelic mother studied only my felicity; but no restrictions were laid on me; my father did not, while I was confined in prison, but before I ever visited France."

"I will not detail to you, my Lord Marchese, the numerous arts, the sophistry I made use of to gain the lovely girl's consent to a private marriage; resolving that, though it should be sacredly solemnized, the father of my Emilie should never have the heartfelt satisfaction of knowing the dignity to which

I had raised his beloved child: I avoided attending him on his bed of sickness, to obtain his pardon and consent, pleading the impossibility of my obtaining leave, though but for one hour's liberty, till the full time allotted to my confinement was expired. Emilie often urged me to try my interest to obtain this indulgence, which would have been easily granted to me, but I always put her off with some pretext or another.

"She continued to visit me in my confinement; and her soul's affections became so completely devoted to me, that she was easily persuaded to accept my vows for life in that prison my outrage against her had brought me to, a week before I was destined to leave it.

"I was ever of too ardent and haughty a spirit to give a thought to super-

stitious fears; but both Emilie and m
self trembled as we pronounced
sacred oath that bound us to each oth
the priest turned pale and was n
fainting, before he had concluded
solemnity; at the end of which, a v
lent peal of thunder rattled over
heads, and seemed to shake the pri
to its very base. I did not heed it
the time, though Emilie gave a fi
shriek of terror, but I have often si
thought of it, and how fatally it pr
nosticated the dreadful result of t
inauspicious marriage.

"When I quitted my confinem
it was agreed upon between my En
and me, through my persuasions,
we should not see each other fo
fortnight:—Oh! my Lord March
despise not too much the wretch
has now the honour of addressing y

during this delay; perhaps, I thought, Valcour may breathe his last; and so enraptured was I with the possession of my darling Emilie, that I feared her sweet and irresistible pleadings might gain my consent to divulge the secret of her marriage to her father. Oh! wretch that I was; that I could clasp in my arms the perfection of nature's work, could behold her asking eyes beaming and glistening with the tear of filial tenderness, and yet not daring to give utterance to the wish that leaped to her lovely mouth from her anxious heart: of all infernal passions surely revenge is the worst.

At the end of this tedious fortnight, with rapture swelling in my bosom, in haste I repaired, secretly and by night, to the house occupied by Emilie and her father: the signal we agreed on

was given; it was not answered; I waited a considerable time, repeating the signal at intervals; but a dead and solemn silence that reigned around, gave me a momentary agonizing pang of remorse. Alas! thought I, striking my bosom, hard and cruel heart, how bitter now and unavailing are thy reproaches! Valcour, I doubt not lies dead in that humble mansion; and Emilie and her only servant have retired to the back part of the house.

"I climbed the garden wall; I looked up at the casement of Emilie's chamber, it was open; it waved backwards and forwards with the wind, making a discordant and melancholy noise: I waited near half an hour, in hopes my adored wife would make her appearance at it: still the same dead silence prevailed, only broken by the harsh

sound of the open casement. I was, at length determined, let what would be the result, to endeavour to obtain an entrance into the house: I easily contrived to climb to the apartment of Emilie, but found the space the casement afforded, too small to admit me. My astonishment increased at perceiving the chamber entirely without furniture: but I eagerly snatched a piece of folded white paper, which seemed purposely stuck in one of the bars; and descending to the garden, I saw by the light of the moon, it was addressed to myself: I opened it hastily, and read the following lines from my Emilie.

"The deep affliction I feel, beloved "De Welmair, and the impossibility "of conveying you a note at this awful "moment, has obliged me to take this

"only means, which a knowledge of
"your impetuous temper points out to
"me;—for I think when you find the
"house divested of its inhabitants, my
"window being open will tempt you
"to hazard an entrance by means of
"that little mound which I have had
"raised to facilitate the attempt. My
"revered father, last night took his
"final leave of this world! the last
"words I distinctly heard him utter,
"were of reconciliation and blessing
"towards you. De Welmair, well be-
"loved of my heart, you are now my
"all: at the house of my maternal
"grandmother, my only surviving re-
"lation, you may visit me without
"restraint, as Emilie Valcour, for now,
"with the remembrance of the world,
"to which Valcour bids for ever adieu,
"all animosities are at an end. Ah!

"when will the tranquil and much
"wished for hour arrive, when I may,
"without disguise, style myself
Your own
EMILIE DE WELMAIR."

"Here, continued the agitated guide, snatching a small green silk case from his bosom, and fervently kissing it, "here is the precious letter; the first, the last I ever received from my Emilie!" in vain would the cold hearted philosopher judge of the feelings which then rent my tortured bosom: ye, whose nerves are only composed of the finest chords of sensibility can alone form an idea of what I at that moment experienced: the fury of passion, of blind and coward revenge sunk low into Valcour's grave: Oh! could I then but have recalled him to life, how would I have grovelled before him in the dust, and

have kissed the feet of the brave and worthy soldier, although he might have spurned me from him! Valcour! I franticly exclaimed, Valcour, rise and speak pardon to thy afflicted and repentant son! I threw myself on the ground, I continued to call upon his name till reason and embittered recollection dawned upon me with the opening morning.

"I threw myself on my bed, when I returned to my lodgings, and in vain I courted the comfort of sleep; he who is lethargic never knew the pangs of corroding remorse for wrongs become irreparable!

"I rose, I drest myself, and as soon as propriety would admit, repaired to the house of Madame Belmont, the grandmother of Emilie: I found both

the ladies in deep mourning; they were under the observance of a solemn fast, and on their countenances appeared more religious melancholy and resignation than sorrow. I wondered at it in Emilie, whose soul was possessed of the most affectionate sensibility and the softest sensations. As my religious principles were different from theirs, I did not stay with them to solemnize their fast, but shortened my visit, with a promise to repeat it the next day.

"When I returned to my melancholy home, I again read over the letter of my Emilie: I thought I could account for the resignation which presided over her features. *I* am "now her all," she writes: such is her love for me, that she can even support with calmness the loss of a parent, whom she loved with more tender

affection that I ever witnessed in any other child: yes, sweet Emilie, I will be every thing to thee; I will unite the protecting, cherishing father to the ever fond lover, and from that sweet and sacred combination will form the affectionate husband: thou, no longer the obscure and unacknowledged wife, shall be led forth and proclaimed, before the admiring world, the honourable partner of my wealth and title.

"Virtuous and brave Valcour, may thy spirit look down from heaven, pity, forgive me, and smile upon our union.

"The next day I threw myself at the feet of Madame Belmont; I entreated her blessing, and professed myself happy in being, through my marriage with Emilie, related to her.

he good old lady did not appear
be particularly elevated at the dis-
very; which then rather hurt that
ide, which to my eternal sorrow was
t not radically cured: but turning
look on Emilie, her sweet face
owed with such satisfaction and sen-
bility, that it made ample amends;
d I looked on Madame Belmont's
athy as the natural frigidity of age,
hich affords not that susceptibility of
easure which we experience in the
ore ardent stages of youth and ma-
rity.

"I fervently requested Madame Bel-
ont to accompany me and my bride
my native country, but she was
tached to her home, and wished to
d her days there; at parting she
essed both Emilie and myself to her
art, and with difficulty, her faltering

voice articulated a blessing on us: how many prophetic tears fell from her aged eyes! I saw the error of that opinion which calls age apathetic; alas! the severity of affliction is felt alike by all ages!

"Conscience, upbraiding conscience is "the worm that never dies!" Blest in my Emilie, sure of a fond mother's acquiescence in my choice, I sat forwarded on my journey home, accompanied by all I held dear, to transport my beloved idol to a noble mansion and an opulent fortune; but never did I close my eyes, in order to enjoy the gift of repose, but I beheld before me the injured shade of Valcour, and myself meditating the fatal blow: sometimes I imagined that, not Emilie, but the fond father received the intended assault; that he fell bleeding at my

feet, and Emilie was suddenly transported from me; I waked in trembling agony, and with a consolotary gleam of happiness, saw her, in reality, beside me, enjoying the peaceful slumbers of an unspotted conscience; but nature, thus assailed by continual agitations of the mind, bowed, at length in submission to the inflictions of sickness.

"I was ordered by eminent physicians not to think of visiting a climate so cold as my own, now the winter was approaching; but to remain in the more genial temperature of milder France. The following spring was uncommonly warm: my health was, in a great degree re-established; but though the change of air to a cooler climate was now become necessary to me, my Emilie expecting soon to be-

come a mother, it was deemed e
dient to postpone our journey to
many, until she should be released
her expected confinement.

"We therefore travelled, by
stages, into Normandy. As we
on the road between Liseux and C
I perceived an uncommon agita
take possession of Emilie; her
involuntarily filled with tears.
are indisposed, said I; 'No,' she
plied, 'I was thinking on my
benefactress, to whose bounty I
indebted for having, in some little
gree, initiated me into the knowl
of a few polite accomplishments.'
an *eminent* degree, said I, my Em
you do honour to your benefac
to your masters and your own ex
dent capacity; but pardon me, if I
that it does not seem the sweet

ing of gratitude that oppresses you, but rather a painful sensation. Let us stop at Le Chateau Belle Etoile: I am sure you will be a welcome guest.' 'No, no,' said she, with quickness and emotion, 'Some future day it will be a pleasant excursion for us during our stay in Normandy.' Her voice then grew so inarticulate from sobbing, that I caught nothing of what she said, but 'my father's grave.' To vary the scene and dissipate our thoughts, I ordered my carriage round by the way of Rozelle, imagining the sweet and varied views from that charming spot might exhilarate, or at least calm her agitated spirits.

"When we came in view of the abbey of Ardennes, she seemed almost in an agony; she cast a melancholy look towards the venerable pile, and endea-

voured to speak; but all I could distinctly hear, was again—'My father's grave!' Had a voice, in thunder, proclaimed me a murderer, it could not have operated on my distracted mind as did those "soul-harrowing" words. Yes, thought I, thy father's grave was dug by my sacrilegious hand; the feelings of that noble mind could not long survive the insult I meant to inflict, by daring to strike a brave officer, nor could thy soul, the seat of virtue, tarry here, where that of thy daughter the emblem of purity, was intended to be betrayed. Oh! had I penitentially offered myself by his dying couch to perform all the reparation in my power, I might then, perhaps, have, lengthened that life, I have now cruelly shortened to gratify my pride and revenge.

"We took up our abode at a pleasant mansion within half a league of Caen; by degrees Emilie recovered the sweet serenity of her happy disposition; and we sat off one fine morning to pay a visit of a few days to the Countess de Clairmont, the benefactress of Emilie, at her Chateau Belle Etoile. I was surprized to find her, though still a very lovely woman, confined to her bed through infirmity; she had been beautiful, and was remarkable for the most sensible and benevolent countenance I ever saw in woman.

"Emilie, though delighted with the company and conversation of her friend, was yet concerned to see the once active Countess reduced to the melancholy state in which we found her, and which she informed us had been caused by a paralytic stroke.

'Since I have been in this state,' said Madame de Clairmont, 'I have seen much of my real friends; and am happy that they now prove their sincerity to me by sacrificing a portion of their time to the chamber of a sick old woman. The only time I quit this couch is to be carried on another while this is arranging, to a chapel which I have caused to be fitted up and consecrated, near this my living tomb. My confessor is at this time very ill, and I am now attended, my dear Madame de Welmair," continued the Countess, looking stedfastly at Emilie, " by a monk from the nearest abbey, who intreated the favour, though he has not been long out of his noviciateship. He is at present my spiritual director, and you may, perhaps, during your stay here, wish him to be yours."

"I forgot to tell you, my Lord Marchese, that soon after my marriage I had embraced the Catholic faith. 'I am but a young Catholic, Madame,' said I, 'when your ghostly father comes, I should like to have some conference with him.' I saw the Countess and Emilie exchange looks; they appeared looks of pleasure: I interpreted them as congratulatory to the cause of the true religion, which had obtained a proselyte.

"I had afterwards some short conversations with the Monk; he was a man of few words, and appeared sententious and reserved; this rendered him by no means a favourite with me, who was of a free and open temper: his leisure time to attend me was generally the dusk of the evening, and he, keeping his cowl very close over his face, I could never distinctly observe

his countenance, but an indescribable terror took possesion of me the instant I saw his tall, majestic looking figure, and I always seemed relieved from a burthen when my spiritual duties were at an end.

"The remembrance of Valcour still pressed on my conscience: but though I made a partial confession of some trifling foibles to the father, my pride carefully avoided letting him see I was so weak as to be the slave of a coward conscience: I fancied I saw innumerable errors in our holy religion which stood in need of some reform; I was half catholic, half heretic: my pride of reason would not suffer me to see that the holy and enlightened priest is only acting, towards the laity, as an humble substitute for the Almighty; no, I affected to think he arrogantly

ned a supremacy over his fellow tals, and pardoned sins himself, ad of supplicating heaven for our lution. Oh! may distraction now o to fire my brain, while I relate rest of my dreadful story!

The Monk, though he did not me sufficient homage, interested I knew not why. I asked Madame Clairmont if he was noble! 'He neither riches nor nobility, to re-mend him," replied she, "but he ears to possess both in his mind understanding.'

I thought my pride had been cured use it had encountered no trial; select nobility that visited the ntess, their native elegance, the polish of their manners, joined her conversation, who was nobility

personified, made me feel an invincible disgust at plebeian society; and I determined never more to mingle amongst the untitled and middling classes. My Emilie was young, and her mind ductile; I had moulded her manners to all I wished, and though her birth was not noble, she conferred dignity on the rank of the Duchess de Welmair.

"After passing a delectable evening with some choice and highly respectable friends of Madame de Clairmont, I experienced one of those sleepless nights which had so often tormented me after the death of Valcour, and I rose with the grey dawn, unable to close my eyes.

"That night is ever memorable for a most awful event; but, as yet, the

inhabitants of the Chateau remained ignorant of it. An evening mass was celebrating in the great chapel of the Abbey of Ardennes; every monk was there but one lay-brother, who was happily employed in drawing water from a well for the use of the monastery; another was confined to his cell by indisposition; and the stranger monk, who attended the chapel of the Countess, had gone to administer consolation to a dying member of the church: the tremendous crash of the roof falling in, killed every monk at his devotions! Oh! that I too had been there! then that guilt had been spared me, which never ceases to haunt my afflicted mind.

"I bent my restless steps towards the chapel of the Countess: surely man is compelled by some secret, supernatu-

ral power, which urges him to the commission of evil deeds! Why went I there, unless to indulge the dark and gloomy ideas of my wayward mind?

"From the early hour of the morning, the dim religious gloom from the high gothic windows, rendered objects scarcely discernable; but as I looked forward, I beheld my monk, in deep devotion, kneeling before a crucifix. He drew his cowl closer over his face, rose up, came near me, and acquainted me with the dreadful adventure. He had been some time, I fancied, wanting in proper respect to my high nobility; and now I thought I had an opportunity though at so distressing a moment, to mortify his feelings. The low pride of empty birth and possessions, is cruel, irreligious, and unmanly; it

destroys every gentle sentiment and divests the mind of that proper pride, which shrinks from what is base and dishonourable, and the truly noble principle which scorns to oppress.

"So then, my good Father, said I, you see that priests are not under the peculiar protection of heaven." 'Oh! my son,' replied he, 'shall I address the words of a Saviour to you, the wise remark that he made on the fall of the tower of Siloam! 'THINK YOU THEY WERE SINNERS ABOVE ALL OTHERS?' No, no, my good father, said I, but why will your priestly pride continually make yourself a substitute for so Divine a Personage? 'You pervert my meaning,' replied he, 'I address only the words of unanswerable truth to you: this awful event which I have been relating to

you, did not happen at a moment when the imperfections of our nature, (to which *priests*, as *men*, are as liable as others), were displayed; for they were engaged in that duty which would, it is hoped, ensure them a passport to heaven; happy is the man who dies so well employed!' Then, said I, I may be guilty of any crime, and provided I die praying, all will be well.

'My son,' said the good man, 'you have much to correct in your own conduct: pride, rashness, and I am sorry to add, an unfeeling heart have so shewn their baneful rancour this morning, that did I perform my spiritual duty towards you, I should certainly inflict on you that penance the church enjoins for those who wantonly insult her supporters.' In

solent Hypocrite! said I, in a rage, do you think that your close drawn cowl, or puritanical habit of coarse serge shall protect you, in daring to treat with indignity the Duke de Welmair? I sprang towards him, with uplifted hand: undaunted, unmoved, he stood, and said, 'Young man retire! tempt me not; for under this garb beats an heart, not devoid of courage to avenge its injuries; and I tell thee, that thou art a disgrace to the name of De Welmair! Can thy empty nobility and full coffers ensure thee the gift of sleep, or a quiet conscience?' This last severe truth stung me with rage approaching to madness; and you, my Lord Marchese, who are acquainted with the French language, know the sovereign contempt contained in the terms *thee* and *thou*. Trembling with passion, I

locked the doors of the chapel upon him; I almost flew to my chamber, Emilie, the peaceful Emilie still slept —to awake to agony! I seized the loaded pistols I always kept in my chamber, and wildly rushed to the chapel.

"I found the pious man again on his knees; I dragged him from his devotions, and frantically giving him one pistol, Now, said I, old man, I am come to prove thy courage! 'Reflect,' replied he, 'Reflect, my son, ere it be too late.' No evasions, Villain!—said I, Coward! if you please. 'Ha!'—said he, and took the fatal pistol, again solemnly repeating the word—'Reflect!' We measured the ground of this sacred place, devoted to piety and peace. He insisted on my firing first, while he—threw his

pistol from him, as I drew the fatal trigger! too sure was my aim,—he bled, and fell with a gentle groan at the feet of his murderer, to rise no more!—and oh!—horror upon horror!—his cowl fell back, and the glimmering rays of the rising sun shone upon the face of—the father of my Emilie!

"I thought my maddened brain would burst! I ran out and threw myself into the hands of justice; declared myself a parricide, intreated and implored that every new invented torment might be inflicted on me: I called aloud for the rack, for scourges and imprisonment. I was immediately led to prison; but Oh! power and and riches, what will ye not effect?

"Madame de Clairmont, in deep

and heartfelt agony sent for Emilie as soon as the fatal news had reached her; whom she almost commanded, to make a solemn vow on her knees, before her, never to see me more: this she was easily prevailed to do, as she now beheld me in no other light than as the determined murderer of a father whom she had ever tenderly loved; and her own will concurring with the advice of her revered benefactress, she never had any future commerce with me, even by letter.

"Madame de Clairmont adopted her as her daughter; and promised to take care of and provide for the child of which she was prematurely delivered.

"I was strictly guarded and loaded with fetters; the worthy Madame

Belmont undertook a long journey to visit me, like a true and forgiving christian, in my confinement. She explained to me the mysterious expression of Valcour's 'quitting the world.' Had I been a Catholic at the time, the question would naturally have been put by me, 'Does he quit the world's vanities and pleasures, or does he cease to live?' But though Valcour had strictly charged his daughter not to utter a falsehood about it, if I understood the extent of her meaning, yet he earnestly desired her so to word her expressions, that I might imagine him to be totally dead to the world.

"It seemed he had ever been intended for the church, but that the charms of Mademoiselle de Belmont, whom he married, determined him

against it; as she died in giving birth to Emilie, he entered into the army against the will of all his relations, and for which he received his father's malediction.

"From the violent agitation of his mind at my illicit proposals to Emilie, and the immediate scene that followed, a seemingly rapid decay seized his bodily frame; he thought of a dying parent's curse, and he endeavoured to quiet the conscientious feelings of his mind, by quitting the service and embracing a monastic life. A fatal presentiment struck on the mind of Emilie, and she tried all she could to prevent his intention. She thought, perhaps, if she could see a reconciliation between me and her father, it might bring about some change: she knew her power

over me, and virtuously resolved to to put it in practice.

"On my proposal of marriage to her, she hesitated not to break her word with me, and consult a parent, who had ever found her a pattern of filial duty and obedience: he rejoiced at the event; that, he should leave her in the world protected, as the wife of the man she loved, high in exalted rank, with the power united to her will of doing good to others—this, instead of retarding, hastened his seclusion from the world; he pitied, prayed for, and forgave the wretch whom he wished in vain to be personally reconciled to before he quitted his much loved rural habitation for ever—this I, as I told you before, Sir, had carefully evaded.

"Unsuspecting, excellent man; he judged of me with benignity and candour, and hoped the maturity of reason would compensate for the rash ardour of youth, and good sense triumph over ridiculous and habitual pride.

"That excellent woman, Madame Belmont, told me she had a very long journey to undertake, and which must be performed with all possible speed. I do not mean, said I, to offend a lady, by reminding her of age, had you not once thrown it in my way, as an excuse for your not taking a long journey I then requested you to make. Ah! though conscience seemed then deeply smitten, yet how different was the prospect before me? but you, amiable woman, appear to be more attached to me now than

you was at that time; I thought you did not appear then to like me much, notwithstanding your tenderness when you bade me farewell.

'Affliction,' replied she, 'ever draws my heart towards its object: in my first acquaintance with you, I beheld the proud, the haughty Duke de Welmair, who I could see, in spite of his politeness, was sensible of the high honour he conferred on our family, by allying himself to it: I now see you bending under the severe stroke of sorrow;—in fetters—your mind softened, and your heart corrected by sincere repentance.' True, Madam, you now behold De Welmair shorn of all his dignity, unable to raise the head with self applause; you see in him the murderer of your relation, and an outcast from a beloved wife. 'I see the

man,' answered she, 'that pride and unrestrained passion made a murderer, but never the premeditated assassin of the virtuous Valcour, whom it was not possible you should devise was in the habit of a monk, or even an inhabitant of the earth: and I am certain, I see before me the man that would now give his own life willingly, could he call Valcour again into existence: I leave you now: when I come again, it will not be unaccompanied, and though I shall not bring your Emilie with me, it will be one whom I am sure you sincerely love."

"Excellent Madame Belmont! what fatigue, what trouble did she not undergo to comfort him who had brought anguish and irreparable sorrow on her only relatives! surely every virtue was

bestowed on each member of that family which gave being to my Emilie!

"My process was delayed from day to day; I had powerful friends at work for me, who would have endeavoured to prove me a lunatic, had they not feared my estates, by such a proof, must have been confiscated; but the nobility were straining every nerve to keep me from the shame of an ignominious death; yet the crime was so peculiarly aggravating, the sacred character I had murdered—the sacrilegious manner, the place—all, all was against me; but wealth, cursed wealth, can palliate the worst of crimes.

"At the expiration of about six weeks, the goaler entered my apartment, introducing two ladies; one was Madame Belmont; but judge my sur-

prise, and the extent of my feeling when I found myself clasped to th affectionate bosom of my weeping mo ther!

"The worthy Madame Belmon thinking how great might be the in fluence of a princess of her high ran if she applied for my pardon in perso thought not of herself, her age, nor the length of a fatiguing journey; bu to save the forfeit life of a man, who she knew had not intentionally brough incurable anguish on the mind of h darling grand-daughter, she travelle night and day, undismayed, throug forests haunted by banditti, in incon venient carriages through bad road nor stopped till she had attained h purpose.

"Her journey back was more com modious; the Duchess bringing her i

her own carriage, and attending to all her comforts, as to a beloved sister.

"My mother had been at been court, had obtained an audience, had thrown herself at the sovereign's feet, nor would she quit her humble posture till he consented to sign the pardon of her only son.

"After the first transports of our meeting were over, 'In two hours,' said this adored parent, 'I will be here again, to take you from this mournful abode! whence you will be released with all the accustomed forms: I have obtained for you His Majesty's pardon, on condition that you quit the French dominions in twenty-four hours, never to re-enter them.' I cannot, said I, but be thankful to a mother who has interested herself so much for her un-

worthy son; and whose noble family, with my own name, I should be sorry to disgrace, by being led to suffer death on a scaffold as a murderer: I embrace life with thankfulness, because I know how much I merit punishment; and life promises to me more poignant sufferings than any the executioner could inflict. These sensible women knew too well the peculiarity of my wretched situation, and that all common place arguments in such cases can be only troublesome and impertinent: they therefore mingled their tears with mine, and I soon bade Madame Belmont adieu for ever.

"I accompanied my valuable parent into Germany, where I obstinately refused to mingle in any kind of society. An epidemic fever soon deprived me of the best of mothers; and now my mind

was fully made up as to the future life I meant to adopt.

"I have a worthy steward, in the prime of excellent health, and in whom every confidence can be placed. I made my will and settled all my temporal affairs; leaving my son sole heir to my title and estates, which are continually improving under this worthy man:—that son, alas! I have never seen! I know not if he yet lives. Madame Belmont promised to write to me, but as I never obtained one line from her during my short residence in Germany, I imagine as her health was but indifferent, she has paid the debt of nature. My steward, on his late enquiries can obtain no intelligence of my wife or child. The Countess De Clairmont died in a most unfortunate manner; the house took fire, and among other valuable effects,

her will was consumed, so that no provision was left for my angelic wife and her helpless infant; every vigilant enquiry have I caused to be made for above a twelvemonth, but all are ineffectual; no one knows if they yet live, to what place they are retired. When I quitted the French dominions in such haste, how ardently did I desire to see my boy and clasp him to a father's bosom! the day before my release, my mother called at Belle Etoile: the Countess and Emilie refused to see her, but the child was brought to her, and she assured me it was a lovely infant, healthy and beautiful; the next day my wife and child retired far into the country, and all my wishes to see my son were unavailing.

"It is now three years since I have followed this occupation, and near four

since I quitted France. 'But, in the name of heaven,' said Vincenza, 'how could your Highness think of embracing this way of life?' Oh! mock me not with titles of dignity! my Highness, added he, with a bitter smile, is sunk very low indeed: as I shall now soon quit you, I will tell you; for perhaps we part never to meet again! I had resolved, if you recollect, the evening before I committed the fatal crime which has for ever deprived me of all earthly happiness, never to frequent any society but that of my equals, the nobility. After my well-deserved imprisonment, when I again obtained my liberty, and became sole master of my actions, I made as contrary a vow; and determined never to associate with a class of men on whom I had brought disgrace; and to shun as I would a pestilence, the hearing myself addressed

by a title which I had for ever tarnished.

"It was requisite then, that I should quit my native country in disguise, and become a member of the lower classes. When I was in Italy, I was peculiarly fond of traversing the Alps; I was not formed for plain mediocrity even in my common recreations: the craggy and stupendous rocks, all the wild and awful works of nature alone delighted me.

"I was riding, one day, in company with some English and Polish noblemen, when the guide they had hired was in a state of intoxication: I acted as their guide, and we laughingly said I ought to take up the trade; how little did I ever think such a remark was likely to be verified.

"I recollected this event during my severest affliction; I knew no state of life could more severely punish me for my pride. Oft-times the society of this faithful animal, my mule, (falsely called obstinate, because standing patiently silent under blows) is all I enjoy: at other times, for severer penance, the very lowest class of men treat me, not only as their equal, but frequently as an inferior. I assist the low born amasser of a little wealth to mount his mule, I bear his curses and abuse; the gentlest name he calls me is *animale!* and the brutal Spadassin or the hired bravo sometimes strikes the once proud De Welmair, who would not, even if he dared, resent it. I steep my hard-earned crust of black bread with my tears; for me no more the chrystal goblet foams with sparkling wine, but sometimes the snow water forms my sole beverage.

A temporary cheerfulness only possesses me, when I think my penance bears any proportion to my guilt. When once in a year I see my steward, I clothe myself in the habit of a private retired gentleman, and meet him at an inn, under the name of Mr. Mendorff: for he knows not the abject situation I have embraced. After those meetings my penitence becomes more voluntary and severe, because I then mention Emilie, I mention my child!

"I addressed you, yesterday, my Lord Marchese, as a stranger; but who knows not the Marchese di Vincenza? the pride of Tuscany! you have a tear for the wretched, an heart ever open to pity: a strong mind, guarded with the shield of fortitude, and the key of secrecy for those who confide in thee: this has caused De Welmair to relate

to you alone, his sad, sad story! but thou hast pride, thou hast passions in their full force; Oh! whenever they operate against thy better judgement, think, think on De Welmair, and dread their consequences."

Vincenza had given many a tear to De Welmair's recital, and he now made use of every persuasion to induce him to quit his present way of life, and to unite his fate to his, if he would not return to his native country: nor could he forbear saying, that he thought Valcour highly blameable for concealing himself from him.

"This is an idea, said De Welmair, that is apt to suggest itself; but you must accede to my opinion, that he did it to see if virtue bore any predominance in my disposition or character;

and when that discovered itself, he mea
to clasp me to his breast with patern
affection, and rejoice in my union wi
Emilie. The truth is, as Madame B
mont informed me, that the Count
de Clairmont, Emilie, and her fath
all hoped I would confess to the mo
the cause of my mental anxiety;
would then, while he absolved me, d
close himself to me and have receiv
my contrition with rapture."

In vain again Vincenza urged hi
to quit his sordid occupation. "Nev
never, said De Welmair, with firt
ness; would saints and angels descen
to ask it, I would remain a wretch
guide on these mountains: and now,
charge you, by that solemn oath, whi
man shudders at the thought of viol
ing; by all that is required of us,
that sacred order to which your s

vant, as well as both of us belong, that you never mention the wretched De Welmair to any one; and here I wish all further commerce to cease between us; because it is happiness to converse with you, that I will not, must not enjoy. 'Oh! suffer me,' said Vincenza, 'should I hear tidings of your wife and child, to know where you reside, that I may give you instant information.' The vigilance I have employed, said De Welmair, render it improbable that you should trace them; but should such an unlooked for event happen, address a line to Mr. Brinzdorf, my steward, at Welmair. And now a long and last farewell!"—Vincenza grasped the trembling hand of De Welmair, who hastily remounted his mule, and leading the other mules down the declivity of the opposite side

of the last mountain, was soon out sight. Vincenza and the tender hear La Valleé, in silent sorrow, threw the selves into the voiture that awaited the and proceeded on their journey.

Continuation of the Story

OF THE

MARCHESE DI VINCENZA.

IT was a dark, rainy, uncomfortable evening when the Marchese di Vincenza and his valet entered the thronged city of Paris: the next day, the miry streets, the din of various carriages, with the discordant cries of different kinds of provision and merchandize, strengthened, instead of diminishing the disagreeable impression which that celebrated city imparted to the mind of Ferdinando: his favourite exercise of walking seemed to be utterly denied to him, as he was, each minute, in ma-

nifest danger of breaking his limbs, either by falling in the muddy ill paved streets, or of being run over by one species of carriage or another.

He soon hurried over all that was worth seeing; and reading La Vallée's wishes in his eyes, said, "Now, my good fellow, we will hasten to Normandy, to your little, well beloved village of La Breé."

With an heart brimfull of joy, unable to utter his thanks, La Vallée gratefully bowed them.

To observe mankind, their different pursuits and dispositions, and to be at once freed from fastidious ceremony, the Marchese di Vincenza travelled without suite, and without servants, under the character of a private gen-

tleman of small fortune; his faithful La Vallée riding in the same voiture with him, more as a friend and companion than as a servant. His pride was checked before he quitted Italy, and his journey over the Alps had contributed entirely to remove it; the sad story of De Welmair yet seemed to ring in his ears; a soft melancholy hung over him, and the wishes of the unhappy prince seemed now to be realized towards him; for Vincenza's melancholy appeared rather of a pleasing kind, it ameliorated his heart and tempered his ardent feelings into philanthrophy and gentleness, without agonizing them.

He longed to view those places which had been so interestingly and yet so dreadfully marked by De Welmair: but La Breé was at a very

distant part of Normandy, and b
which they must take quite anot
route; and he was determined to sac
fice his own inclinations to the hap
ness of his overjoyed servant; thou
he resolved, ere he quitted it, to vi
the whole province of Normandy;
see the Chateau Belle Etoile, that on
favoured resort of select nobility, wi
its awe-striking chapel, part reduc
to ashes, part a crumbling ruin!
view the horrible and destructive wr
of the chapel of Ardennes Abbey! a
last to visit the rural cottage of Va
cour; look up at Emilie's casemen
think of his wretched friend, of wh
he then was, and what now!

On the arrival of our travellers
La Bree, La Valleé eagerly enquir
for his father, as he found the wr
known hut he used to inhabit, empt

and out of repair: several shook their heads and did not know such a person; he countenance of La Valleé fell! Not known, in so small a place as is! Alas! then, my father is no ore!" "*Je ne vous comprends pas,*" ys a pert girl. "I declare, Manon," ntinued she, turning to a girl on e left, "that young fellow speaks t as they do in the play books."

La Valleé was too much depressed notice the coquetry of the girl; ut asked an old woman, who sat pinning at her door, and of whose ce he thought he had a faint remembrance. "Can you tell me, *ma bonne*, Claude La Valleé is still living?" "Bless the heart of you," replied she, why, as sure as I live, I believe it is acques La Valleé I see before me, t a grand lady took, when a little

boy to live with her a long way off, and that came home about twelve years ago, as fine as a lord, and did all our hearts good to see him and to hear him talk." "Yes, yes, my good dame, I am Jacques La Valleé; but tell me, is my father yet alive? "*Juste Ciel!* no," said she, "he has been dead these eight years: Annette and Marian, your sisters, are both married; Annette is gone to live at Brussels; and Marian, God help her, has gone over sea, with her husband, to England: it was a good match for her: though to be sure, her good man is rather too old for her, but he is worth a great deal of money; and you know Marian always loved to take care of the main chance; your brother Basil, he would go for a soldier, and poor fellow has got himself killed; and as to Jerome, your youngest brother, he made a bad

hand of it, for what must he do, but fall in love with the handsome daughter of a rich negotiant, and the old fellow heard of it, and got him sent over sea, to the isle of France.

"So not one of my family then remain, to welcome me to my native country!" said poor La Valleé, dropping a tear. "No, my good lad," said the garrulous dame, "but God's will be done! He gives and he takes away, and we must bear what he inflicts on us, with patience; you are young, and may have many blessings in store; I stand alone in the world, a poor aged creature, without one left to prop me up: I must toil to support my existence, while my old hands are able to spin, or I must go without my scanty meal." "Yes, my good dame," said Vincenza, stepping

forward, "his lot indeed is far better than yours, he must naturally have expected, that the great age of his father, could not ensure him a long sojournment here; his sisters are well settled in the world, and for the brother that expired in the field of honour, when he sheds a tear, it should be that of conscious satisfaction at his bravery; he who was sent over sea, by the malicious negotiant, may perhaps make his fortune, and return worthy the mistress of his choice, that is, *worthy*, in the eyes of her avaricious father." Vincenza's feeling heart had all this time been at war with his stoical expressions, but he knew that his servant looked up to him as an oracle; and that all he urged, in reasonable argument, must be right.

The Marchese now drew a plenti-

ful supply from his full purse, and turning again to the old woman said, "Here, my good dame, want for nothing to comfort you, and though you may continue to spin for your profit, make it not a matter of labour, but of diversion and amusement: I shall return in a few weeks this way, and will bring you a fresh supply."

The pen is inadequate to express the thanks and gratitude of the old woman, who had never before in her life been mistress of half the sum Vincenza had bestowed upon her.

La Valleé blessed his beneficent master; and though he could not immediately recover his usual hilarity, he yet seemed, in a great measure, to experience a tranquil resignation.

They had walked from the nearest town to La Breé, where they had put up; the distance was about five miles: the afternoon was fine, the Marchese proposed going half a mile farther, to take a look at the ruinous castle de la Hogue: but scarcely had they arrived there, when as if all the elements had combined their united force to raise a tempest, the air became suddenly darkened; the rain fell in torrents, accompanied with a most tremendous storm of hail; the terrific thunder, as it is often heard on the continent, crackled in repeated and awful peals over their heads; while the red and forked lightning glared over the majestic and nodding ruins of the Chateau, under whose arches they were glad to shelter themselves.

Night came on, and there appeared

no prospect of the storm abating. "It does not signify," said Vincenza, "to think of returning to-night, therefore we must make up our minds to remain here till the morning." "Sir, Sir," said La Vallée, his teeth chattering with terror, "I had rather suffer all the tortures of the rack! Sir, I would not stay in that haunted place for all the world."

"It matters not," replied the Marchese, "if you are fool enough to be drenched to the skin, that shall not hinder me from penetrating farther into the castle, and endeavouring to find some apartment where I can repose for the night."

The travellers had provided themselves with every requisite against accidents; and Vincenza asked the trembling

La Valleé to produce the articles he carried for striking a light. "Oh, well Sir," said he, "if you will go headlong to throw yourself into the devil's clutches, it shall never be said, that La Valleé would desert you! But, oh Sir, do consider, cannot we get back to La Breé? indeed, Sir, I think the storm abates:" But while La Valleé was uttering a supposition, his better reason gave the lie to, the hail was rattling against every remaining pane in the shattered windows, while the lightning and thunder raged with increased violence.

They now entered a covered apartment, for it retained a vaulted ceiling, which though thick with the green damp of unaired inhabitation, discovered it had once been of beautiful fretwork, which Vincenza viewed with

admiration by the light they had there procured themselves. It appeared to have been used as a spacious hall; but in several places were such large chasms from the wreck of time, and the effects of neglect, through which the wind blew with violence; and the rain had so deluged the floor, that they could not think of making that place their bed-chamber: two mutilated figures, in broken armour, stood at the upper end; which filled the mind of La Valleé with horror, and he expected every instant to hear them speak, or see them lift a clattering arm.

To the right, Vincenza observed a ruined staircase, which he determined to ascend, in spite of the exhortations of La Valleé, who, though he trembled to stay where he was, yet to penetrate this haunted palace farther, was dread-

ful in the extreme. Oh! said he to himself, why did I make this cursed proposal about travelling? what comfort has it been to me? Oh! dear Italy, as soon as I left that delicious country, my mule stumbled three times! my whole journey was made wretched by hearing the unhappy story of a miserable prince, who chuses to be a mule driver. Paris was all dirt, finery, and fatigue! and worst of all, I arrive at the place, that I thought I should find the summit of all my wishes; I hear my father is dead, and my brothers and sisters, like myself, scattered over the world; and now my master, who fears nothing, brings me to a place which is the resort of every foul and evil spirit! Oh! let every one learn from me to be contented with a good home, and not go rambling about in search of happiness!

This soliloquy passed in the mind of La Valleé, as he stuck close to his master's heels; ascending with difficulty the rugged staircase.

From a spacious landing-place a door opened into a large apartment, whose windows were fortunately unbroken; there were only two of them, and those small and very high.

On the walls hung tapestry in such tatters, that it was impossible to develope the subject of its work. What pleased Vincenza was to behold a bed, the dark and dusty furniture of which appeared once to have been splendid, as it was profusely decorated with gold and feathers, now black and tarnished.

"Oh! Sir," said La Valleé, "do not lay down on that bed I beseech

you: besides, Sir, if you think of going to sleep, I am sure I shall be dead before morning; for I shall not be able to close my eyes."

"So, Sir," said Vincenza, with some anger, "I am to be denied the comfort of sleep, because of your ridiculous and superstitious fears! lay down beside me, exert what little reason you have, and endeavour to compose yourself."

The Marchese, whose strong mind and refined understanding, rendered him incapable of entertaining the idle notion of an ancient castle being haunted by evil spirits, soon sunk into a soft and refreshing repose: while La Valleé's sleep was continually broken by frightful dreams, and oft awaking horrors.

The next morning, a cloudy atmosphere appeared to threaten another stormy day; add to which, the floods had risen, so as to render the roads in many places impassable to the pedestrian traveller. "We shall stay here, and be starved to death," said La Vallée. "No, we will not," said the Marchese, "I think you can make shift to wade as far as La Breé, and purchase us some provisions. I slept easy last night, and shall not mind staying here a few days; but I am resolved to stay till I have seen every part of this extensive castle: and while this weather continues, I shall not think of setting out, so go and buy us something to keep us alive."

"Oh! my beloved master," said La Vallée, "I will not leave you in this horrible place by yourself; I had rather expire with hunger." "But as I had

not," said the Marchese, laughing, "I request you to go, and leave me to explore the labyrinths of this stupendous ruin, which will amuse me; and I can assure you that I have not the smallest fear of being ran away with by ghosts or witches."

La Vallée crossed himself, and sat forward to obey his master's orders.

Vincenza began to explore the different parts of the Chateau. In many places it was so ruinous, and the fallen rubbish lay in such discordant heaps, that he was obliged to retrace his steps from whence he came, unable to proceed: he re-ascended his chamber; he looked from the window, to which he had climbed with some difficulty, from the uncertain stay of a broken chair, and viewed what once had been gar-

dens, but now a complete wilderness; whose every plant was totally extinguished amongst the rank growth of exuberant weeds. The pear, the plumb, loaded the heavy boughs in profusion, but appeared to bear their fruitage in vain; only for the winged inhabitants of the air, and the rest to fall to the ground in untasted dead-ripe maturity.

As he contemplated this rueful monument of the futile pride of ancestry and wealth, levelling fast to the dust by the devouring hand of time, it acted on his mind as a powerful lesson to eradicate the few remains of pride with which it had once been so replete. Awful mementos, said he to himself, of human grandeur! The artist's hand may build, the botanist may plant: of all these extensive domains of this once magnificent castle, not one of thy first master's

descendants occupy the smallest space! The last Count de la Hogue has been confounded, long, long since, with the atoms of the dust! The narrow coffin that inclosed his remains, when they were carried from these wide opening portals, was a biting satire on that vanity which fancied not this spacious castle, though diversified with numerous and commodious apartments, large enough for his high nobility. View the extensive park, the wide spreading gardens, the ample forest belonging to this once flourishing estate; their owner is contented with a few feet of earth to moulder in and decay amongst his fellow worms!

The gloom of Ferdinando's mind, the high trees waving with the wind, and the thick clouds lowering over the firmament, made him desirous of divert-

ing his thoughts towards another channel: He again descended, and passing through several ruined passages, came to a gate at the back part of the castle, which opened into a spacious court leading to the gardens. He waded through the long and wet grass, and looking at the eastern wing of the castle, he thought it looked more free from decay than any of the other parts of the building.

He fancied he heard, but he was sure it could be only fancy, the tinkling chords of a harp! He smiled at himself, in such a scene of desolation, to have entertained such an idea: yet again it struck on his ear! It is the wind, thought he, that on some of the half broken windows, fretted with wiry bars, produces the Æolian effect. The

notes sounded wild, and I am as foolish as La Valleé.

He again cast his eyes towards the East wing; he observed a window which looked recently mended with some new pieces of wood, round which crept the foliage of a beautiful woodbine. If La Valleé, thought he, returns in good time, I will, after I have taken some refreshment, explore every part of the castle, but particularly that wing, which seems to interest me in an unaccountable manner.

The air, which had long been heavy, now darkened to a blacker hue; he heard distant thunder, and a flash of blue lightning darted along the newly-mended window: he heard a faint shriek, and fancied he beheld the sha-

dow of a man glide along the eastern ruins.

He traced his way back, still blaming his imagination; and in the spacious hall beheld La Valleé, with a basket of provisions and wine, and with a countenance pale as death. It could not be his shadow, at so immense a distance, thought the Marchese, tho' I am unacquainted with the roads which lead to this castle. La Valleé, surprised to see his master thus buried in thought, said; "Oh! Sir, what have you *seen?* I have *heard* enough!"

"I am ashamed," said Vincenza, "that anything bearing the figure of a man, should be guilty of such shameful cowardice; screaming, like a girl, at a clap of thunder."

"Sir, I assure you I screamed not," said La Valleé. "Come, come, set down," said the Marchese, "and partake of my breakfast; this hall shall be our refectory."

La Valleé, after a few cups of wine, began to recover his spirits. The Marchese had been thoughtful at the shriek he had heard, for he knew La Valleé had never told him a falshood. Vincenza was in search of adventures, and had no idea of anything supernatural being an inmate at the castle; he therefore resolved to bury what had passed in his own breast, and not increase the fears of his servant.

"Sir," said La Valleé, after the fourth cup of wine, "Will you permit me to tell you all I have heard at La

Breé about this Chateau?" "With all my heart," said the Marchese."

"Why then, Sir, you must know, that not a living soul would come here from La Breé for all the world; for there are three ghosts that constantly walk here by night and by day; one of which is the beautiful Countess de la Hogue, who died about two hundred years ago, as some say, poisoned—and sometimes she plays on a harp."

Vincenza's countenance changed.—"Aye, Sir, you may well turn pale! for it was thought she poisoned herself! and she plays in such a wild manner, more like a devil than a christian: Then the next ghost is an old, old man; God knows who he has been; and last of all is a pretty little child, who it is said the Count de la Hogue killed be-

cause he thought it was not his own; but every body says the sweet lady Countess was as innocent as the pretty babe itself.

"What foolish stuff have you been collecting together?" said Vincenza, resolving within himself to unfathom this mystery, as every circumstance of the East wing darted on his mind.

"Sir," said La Valleé, "for God's sake let us get away from here as soon as ever we can: for my part, I believe I shall never be myself again. But, thank God, I observed the clouds, and the wind has changed, so I hope we shall soon leave this horrible mansion, where I am sure the——"

"As to you," said Vincenza, interrupting him, "you will ever be yourself—a superstitious fellow; and what-

ever changes there may be in the weather, I shall be unchanged in my resolution of not quitting this place for the present: I like it, and shall stay here for some time: I mean to stay till the ghosts appear to me."

"God forgive you, Sir," said La Valleé; "Do not you think, my Lord Marchese, that it is sinful to tempt heaven too much?" "Hold your tongue, you babbling fool," said Vincenza; "if you are so terrified, go home, and leave me here." "No, never, Sir, never will I desert you," said La Valleé; "the more danger I see you in, the more shall I think it my duty to stay by you." Strange, inconsistent compound of fear and fidelity! thought Vincenza, as he grasped the hand of honest La Valleé.

That afternoon they devoted to exploring all that part of the castle which they had taken up as their abode: it was ruinous in the extreme: they viewed some apartments to which all ascent was cut off, and which, though nodding over the destroyed stair-cases, shewed their pristine spaciousness and magnificence.

Their steps led them to a chapel, whose dormitory stood entire: the arms of La Hogue stood proudly towering in the front of the gallery; the crimson velvet of the cushions hung in streaming tatters, and the faded escutcheon and banner shook their ridiculing remnants over the empty pride of the extinct title. The overturned altar and its sacred furniture were covered with damp and dust.

From the part of the Chateau Vincenza inhabited, he could find no avenue which led to the East wing, for a mass of broken pillars and fallen-in apartments lay between. An increasing rain rendered it impracticable that day to view that part of the castle, and the travellers retired early to rest; the Marchese determining to commence his investigations on the following day.

Long before morning he awaked, and unable to reclose his eyes, he rose, and by the aid of his mutilated chair climbed to the window.

He distinctly perceived a light in one of the windows of the eastern tower; and he now had his fears as well as La Valleé, though of a different nature; for he felt little doubt in his mind, but

that part of the castle was inhabited by banditti.

Finding it in vain to think of sleeping any more, he drest himself: As to La Valleé, fatigue and restlessness the preceding night, had on the present one completely sealed his eyes.

The morning's dawn promised a fair day; the wind was changed, and brought with it every sound to that part of the Chateau in which the Marchese reposed. He found the method of opening the window, to breathe the fresh morning air, when on its breeze the melody of a full-toned harp floated to his ear, accompanied with a voice sweet as the wild notes of the sky-lark.

La Valleé awaked, and starting out out of bed, exclaimed, "Oh! Sir,—

there—there—the harp! Oh! my Lord, come from the window."

The voice had penetrated to the very soul of Vincenza, and had banished from his mind all ideas of banditti. "Peace, fool!" said he, "I will never quit this castle till I have seen her!" "Sir, I say you tempt heaven," said La Valleé. "Get you home, Sir," I repeat," said the Marchese, "and leave me here, or learn to hold your tongue."

La Valleé now determined to let the Marchese act as he pleased, without contradiction; but many were the Ave Marias he repeated, and many times did he make the sign of the cross, and pray heaven to make his master more believing. After they had taken their breakfast, Vincenza sent La Valleé to La Breé to purchase goblets, plates, and

other conveniences for the table. He began to think his master's brain disordered, but dare not say a word; and Vincenza lost no time, after his departure, in visiting the East wing.

He entered a lower apartment, which struck warm, as if a fire had been recently kindled: he approached the chimney, and found the dying embers yet unextinguished. He looked round the apartment, which was tolerably light, from a number of little painted windows; but what most struck him, was the fantastical manner with which the room was ornamented. Coronets of wild flowers and straw hung pendant on different parts of the old oak wainscoting; and the flower, commonly called Sweet William, of every different kind and tint, filled the windows; some in broken china vases; others in

rude earthen pans and little boxes of wood.

Vincenza was perfect master of every European language; he drew near a rude formed table, on which was scattered several scraps of paper, written all over, some in English, others in the French language: the writing so incoherent, so wild, that they must, he was convinced, have been the production of some maniac's brain. The only paper which seemed to possess any kind of method, and which he supposed to have been sketched in some lucid interval, was expressed in the following English lines, addressed

TO THE SWEET WILLIAM.

Dear cherish'd blossom! Summer flow'r,
That bears my William's name;
Thou lov'd companion of each hour,
Priz'd more than wealth or fame.

Tall like his form, thy head erect,
That roseate bloom is thine,
Which with a manly blush had deckt
His countenance benign.

Pure, like his breath, no faint perfume,
No odour dost thou give;
Sole cherish'd flow'r! none else presume
Upon this breast to live.

What banditti can dwell here? thought Vincenza; no, rather some unfortunate fair-one and her father; she, perhaps, betrayed and then deserted by a faithless lover. I will depart, unseen, if possible, for this time; but I will never quit this castle, until this mystery is developed.

This apartment stood alone, and Vincenza found he had to traverse a small court, before he arrived at any stair-case which might lead to the upper apartments: as he looked forwards, he observed an aged man, with a long white beard, dressed in a coarse peasant's habit, bending under a load of wood. Vincenza found means to escape unnoticed; and it having taking him some time to view the mysteriously inhabited apartment so wildly ornament-

ed, he repaired hastily back to his own, where La Valleé soon joined him.

Vincenza addressed him with some solemnity: "I charge you, La Valleé as you wish for my favour and esteem that you mention to no one that we are here." Then observing his countenance, he continued, "I am sure you have been babbling." "Sir," says La Valleé, "I scorn to tell you a lye; I did tell the old woman, you was so good to, that we saw spinning, but she promised me secrecy." "Your enjoining her to secrecy," says Vincenza "plainly proves you knew you were doing wrong in telling her: but pray what said the old dame?" "Why, Sir she said, you might just as well go and throw yourself into the devil's mouth at once; and she cried and took on very much, that such a sweet, good gentle

man should thus wilfully rush on to his own destruction; for hundreds of people have seen the ghosts, and the people of La Breé would not come near the place for all the world; not if they had business at Rougemont, which is very near La Breé, if you pass through this place, but no, they would sooner go near three leagues round to it, sooner than set a foot in this place, for not a living soul has been seen here for a long time."

"I am truly glad of it," said Vincenza, "because, as you say that hundreds have seen the ghosts, I am resolved, if possible, to add another to the number; and will not quit this place till I have seen them all."

"God forgive you, Sir," said La Valleé, "and turn your heart; indeed, Sir, I am afraid; pray, my Lord Mar-

chese," pardon you servant, who the good of your soul in view, as as your body; but indeed, I do thi that German prince has instilled so of his principles into you; for I co perceive, by some things I overhea that he was a bit of an heretic." "Pe peace," said Vincenza, "insult misfortune; nor think a God, whi all wisdom, can be pleased with idle outward ceremonies of superstiti mummery." La Valleé eyed his m ter, and crossed himself visibly. "Com says the Marchese, "it grows late, us dine; I wish to be up very early morrow; go you to La Breé, and th hold your tongue concerning me; t a little more money to the old wom and again urge her to secrecy."

Vincenza could not sleep that nig he waited with impatience for the mo

ing; it was again rainy and cloudy; and no harp or syren voice met his delighted ear. After taking a hasty breakfast, the rain could not hinder him from continuing his researches.

He found the apartment he had been in the day before, in exactly the same wild order, if the expression is allowable, he had previously seen it; nor did it appear as if it had been since occupied: the same embers lay cold on the hearth, and not one piece of furniture or paper had been removed.

He bent his steps up a dark winding flight of stone stairs; and beheld a strong ray of light issue from beneath a door, which had shrunk from the flags under it: this door appeared of slight materials, and a large aperture in it,

made him able to see into the apartment, without being seen.

A rush mat was spread on the floor; near a table stood an harp, ornamented with wild nettle flowers, crowfoot and daisies, and crowned on the top with a profusion of Sweet William. Presently a door opened from the other side of the apartment, and a form entered, of so elegant and graceful an appearance, that Vincenza felt his whole soul moved in a manner new to himself, but of which he soon comprehended the fatal and full extent; so unlike all he had hitherto felt for a sex, of whom he was, notwithstanding, always the friend and admirer.

The countenance of the lovely object before him, could not strictly be stiled beautiful, but it was so irresistibly

sweet and captivating, that it possessed the magic influence of interesting and drawing the heart towards its possessor: a degree of wildness shone in a pair of most beautiful eyes, which tho' it evidently spoke an overthrow of reason, added to their native expression and brilliancy.

Her head was fantastically wreathed with straw and wild corn flowers; a bunch of the barbatus species of Sweet William adorned a bosom, the perfect model of feminine beauty. She sang a wild air, with the notes of a nightingale, and seated herself at the table; her robe, as it fell on the floor, appeared to have been once splendid, but it was ragged and discoloured. She played part of a soft, serious air, and Vincenza, who was a perfect judge of music, discovered the touches of a mas-

terly hand; but she soon ran into wild and sometimes discordant notes. Soon a beautiful infant boy, of about three or four years old, came skipping into the room; she quitted her music, and ran to clasp him in her arms: this child was her very image in miniature; he was nearly naked, and nothing could afford a more striking idea of the goddess of love and beauty embracing her son, than did this affecting scene to the mind of Vincenza; nor could any one feel the power of the goddess more than he did in that fatal moment.

The mother gaz'd with fondness on her son: "My William," said she, in a voice of melody, and burst into tears, "Do not cry, Mamma," said the sweet boy, as he climbed her knee. "Beloved William!" said she, and a tranquil calm came over her: the wildness of

her eyes gave place to a soft melancholy, and with new charms, she appeared to the fascinated senses of Vincenza, like a figure of angelic patience and hope.

She took a picture from her bosom and kissed it fervently; then seeming to relapse into her former wildness, she pushed the child from her. "You are not enough like him," said she; go, get your father out of prison, and I will forgive you that:" then starting up, and singing a wild note, she hastened to the door, and was met by the old man, who told her dinner was waiting in her *sale a manger*.

"Well, that is right, Henri," answered she, for I expected some Princes of the neighbouring states, and two Countesses, to dine with me; have you procured every thing rare and good?"

"Yes, Madame," said the old man; while the tear that stood in his eye, seemed to speak more than common interest in a servant for his mistress.

When he addressed her in English, she answered him foreign to the purpose in French, and then immediately after addressed some trifling question to him in English: but her reason appeared only wandering, not lost; for sometimes she spoke in such refined and reasonable language, that Vincenza wept to witness the sad derangement in a work of such infinite outward perfection.

In a few moments she smiled, seemingly at herself, threw off her wild coronet, and her profuse auburn hair fell over her lovely face: she embraced the old man, took out the flower

from her bosom, kissed it and replaced it. In these lucid moments, she spoke only English; but though she spoke it well, her accent discovered that it was not her native language.

Vincenza now feared they would come by the steps he had ascended and discover him; he sought in vain for an hiding place; at length, he discovered, with pleasure, that the door he stood at was fastened on the outside.

He stole down, unobserved; yes, thought he, I have now seen them all! Oh! would to heaven, I had never beheld that one, who I feel but too plainly has for ever deprived my mind of the peace and tranquillity it used to enjoy, in regard to the charms and attractions of women. What secret power impels me to remain in a spot, where no hope,

no prospect of happiness is held out to me, but only ultimate despair. The reason of that lovely woman is evidently overthrown by her unbounded love for some lost object, which must render her ever incapable of receiving another impression! penury and distress I fear also are her's; and if, by my presence, I seek to ameliorate her situation, I drive her perhaps to fearful and confirmed distraction!

I will endeavour to procure an interview with the old man; I will urge him to confide in me;—but no, that is too hazardous an attempt; for what, but some dreadful secret, can impel these interesting objects to seek this ruinous solitude, so calculated for total seclusion, by the legends of superstition!

The travels of the Marchese were,

however, now at an end; here he determined to reside, at least, till he should be driven from this solitary abode, much to the mortification of La Valleé, and against every thing his honest heart could urge: he was shocked at the deep melancholy which appeared gaining over the mind of his master, and was little short of falling into the same state himself.

Vincenza continued to take every occasion of beholding, unseen, this extraordinary and interesting trio, who had given rise to the idle tales which had been propagated through the neighbouring villages; though before the extinction of the La Hogue family, the castle had long been reputed to be haunted.

At a loss how to act, he sometimes

thought of discovering himself; but then he dreaded the total privation of the sight of that enchanting object, to which his heart had now become entirely devoted.

Some months had now elapsed, and the Marchese had yet been fortunate enough to remain undiscovered; when all of a sudden, for several days, the object that most interested him, ceased to appear; the old man seemed bending more under sorrow than age, frequently clasping his withered hands in agony: the child, who though always coarse and thinly clad, was fair and clean, as a rosy cupid, appeared now squalid and neglected.

It is time, thought Vincenza; I will hazard all and discover myself: penury and want, Oh! heavens! perhaps have

combined with bitter affliction, to close the sweetest eyes that ever beamed on earth!

He wildly penetrated every apartment of the East wing; he could find no living creature; at length, he recollected the tower, from whence he had, during the night, discovered a burning taper. A narrow stair-case wound up to this apartment—he heard a gentle groan—he peeped through an interstice in the door, and beheld a female form stretched on a bed; over the bed hung the venerable figure of the old man, and appeared to be administering a cordial to the sick person; at the foot stood the child.

Vincenza heard some broken sentences expressed in that voice, which had never failed to thrill to his soul; but wilder and more incoherent than

he had ever yet heard her utter. He traced his steps back to the long-grassed court, and soon after, came down the old man and the child, and stood gazing at him with astonishment.

The feet of the child entangled in the grass; he fell, and a slight covering dropped off his shoulder; on his arm was printed, with a composition in indelible letters, "William De Welmair, the son of William and Emilie De Welmair, born at the Chateau Belle Etoile;"—then was prefixed the day of the month and year.

Have I come here, said Vincenza, to himself, to fall in love with the wife of De Welmair? Unfortunate man! but still more wretched Vincenza! yet let me not think of self; let me hasten to her, and try in some moment of reason to

make her retract the rash and fatal vow which tears him from her.

He now turned towards the old man who stood close beside him; and who thus addrest the Marchese. "Stranger, respect the sorrows and solitude of a wretched man, whom the crimes of others, not his own, have reduced to the situation you see him in." "Oh! Sir," replied Vincenza, "respect, secresy, all the assistance a most ample fortune can bestow are your's: but ah! Sir, I know the father of this child!" "Do you!" said the stranger, "then you know the destroyer of all my happiness, the subverter of my child's reason; and whose son, born to be the inheritor of wealth and title, is reduced to indigence and a precarious existence, from that secresy we are obliged to preserve." "Your child!" exclaimed

Vincenza, "Does the virtuous Valcour then live? Alas! I thought my friend had been his murderer." "No, thank heaven," replied Valcour, (for it was indeed him) "he has not that sin to answer for: nor could he ever in that instance be accused of intentional parricide: I myself was to blame, and the result of every kind of deception, will, I am convinced, carry with it its own punishment.

"I fell at the feet of De Welmair, from the effects of the wound he gave me, operating also with the feelings of my mind, to see his pride arrived at such an alarming height of depravity: the ball entered my side, without penetrating the vital parts; but for several months my life was despaired of, my recovery deemed an absolute impossibility, from the great difficulty of ex-

tracing the ball: De Welmair was therefore still imprisoned as a murderer, not only in attempting the life of an ecclesiastic, but because it was expected every minute I should breathe my last.

"It began to be noised abroad, through the indiscretion of my surgeon, that I was yet alive. In monkish seclusion, which pretends to teach every christian virtue, you would scarce imagine that malice and envy could dwell; but no where can these baneful passions spread their influence more than in the monastic walls. Letters were dispatched to the Pope, and supplicating memorials, stating that I had fought a duel in so sacred a place as a chapel! and the superiors of each different monastery signed a petition, that I might be placed in a monastery of the most rigid order, there to suffer the infliction of every

torment that dark brooding and secluded cruelty could invent; and this th supplicated under the form of mere praying his Holiness to spare the lif of the miserable sinner!

"As soon as I was able to leave my bed, Emilie on her knees, again voluntarily renewed her oath, never more to see him who had thus deprived her parent of every earthly comfort, and she also solemnly vowed that no human persuasion should ever separate her fate from mine.

"The dissolution of the monastery of Ardennes, and the cruel rigidity of the order concerning me, which the Pope had approved and validated, made me detest the sacerdotal life. At the earnest persuasions of Madame de Clairmont, it was agreed that I should

feign myself dead: I was denied christian burial, for my violation of the sacred character and my abominable heresy. A coffin was carried out in the dead of the night, and a mock private funeral performed, by some old and confidential domestics of Madame de Clairmont. We were concealed some time under her roof, whence intending to take the earliest opportunity of embarking for England, Emilie and myself applied ourselves diligently to the perfecting ourselves in the English language, of which we both had a tolerable knowledge before.

"But come, Sir, we will, if you please, repair to a more comfortable situation, and nearer to my Emilie, who is extremely ill."

Vincenza, with an heart rending

sigh, followed Valcour, and they as cended to a lightsome apartmen which had the new-mended windo and woodbine.

A small table, on which stood globe, and some books, gave it comfortable and modern appearanc Valcour opened a door, and ascende some steps; he soon returned: "She in a sweet sleep," said he "and no Sir, I will conclude.

"A war with England rendered impossible for us to put the plan c going there, into execution. M daughter's health was less shaken tha her reason, for I fancied, at time she shewed some marks of a diso dered mind: how then should we b received in any foreign country How make our escape from thi

when, in some paroxysm of distraction, she might betray my real situation and character!

"I suffered my beard to grow; and am now so completely disguised, that no one could imagine me to be Louis Valcour. In a small, secluded cottage, we passed near two years unknown; myself passing for the grandfather of Emilie, and she dressed like the meanest female peasant. At the end of that period, we received a letter from Madame de Clairmont, stating, that, a man of clerical order, and who was no friend to me, had identified my person and that of my daughter.

"We were then not many leagues from this place; and the superstitious tale of the castle being haunted, deter-

mined me to make it my abode, as it would ensure us from molestation: that man, the only one who had recognized me, is now no more.

"We departed, with a handsome sum from the bounty of Madame de Clairmont; when she urged my daughter, on account of the future welfare of her boy, to suffer her to see him sent to Welmair, it threw her into a state of phrensy, and we dared not further urge it.—As I knew nothing could affect the dear child when I was no more, I took a method of certifying what he was born to, (which I have seen practised during my service, by soldiers and sailors;) of marking this register with a preparation of gunpowder—it was a fortunate idea; and oh! it was Providence interposing, that I did not

leave him in the Chateau Belle Etoile.

"Our furniture, a few books, my Emilie's clothes and harp, were transported here by degrees, in the night time: we walked on foot, to avoid discovery, alternately carrying the dear boy, when he grew fatigued.

"We enjoyed a temporary tranquillity for a few months: but as my health got better, my sorrows began to be forgotten by Emilie, and all her thoughts became absorbed in the man who was her first and only love. Her costly clothes, he had lavished on her in his days of delighted and ardent love, were now unpacked—she attired herself, and expected homage as the Duchess de Welmair: while every thing that bore the name of William,

was so dear to her heart, that I in
dulged, instead of weaning, h
thoughts from the harmless folly.

"We soon ceased to hear
Madame de Clairmont; and I ven
tured, completely disguised, and un
der covert of the night, to take a jou
ney to Chateau Belle Etoile: I the
found that noble mansion reduced t
ashes, and the best of women burn
to death, and my Emilie deprived
her sole dependance.

"I found my daughter, on my r
turn, in rather a melancholy way
continually sketching pieces of po
try, English and French, and detache
fragments, the effusions of her fanc
I broke the fatal news to her as can
fully as possible, but this complete
finished the wreck of her understan

ing. She seldom knows me, the child always gives her a momentary recollection, but her's is a confirmed madness, which I am sure will never be radically cured: When her short intervals of reason return, she appears to possess a refinement of intellect superior to what she ever enjoyed: Oh! Sir! she was once the pride of my life, 'till your cruel friend, by raising her to dignity, sunk us both in misery. Heaven forgive him as I do."

"Pardon me, my dear Sir, you speak of misery, and I fear it is the misery of penury: Allow me to ask you, nor deem it impertinent, how do you subsist?"

"The sum my beneficent patroness, Madame de Clairmont presented us with was not a small one; it was munificent in her heart. This, of course daily di-

minishes, and all the anxiety I feel is for this darling boy: I would brave every danger for his sake; but as I cannot leave his unhappy mother, I have heard that the Duke de Welmair has quitted his native country, and as he must not enter this, I know not what steps to take: you perhaps can instruct me. I will tell you now, how we subsist ourselves.

"Once in a week, I repair to a town, about three leagues off, and purchase sufficient for the ensuing week; I pass for an old Englishman, who is not obliged to take any part in the war, by reason of his age and infirmities; and I have often listened to the story which has been told me, that the three inmates of the castle are taken for the La Hogue family, whose Countess was poisoned through

the jealousy of her husband: this has been a means of keeping us in that solitude I so much wish: I have never discovered you owing to the immense extent of this building---and no window but Emilie's chamber looks direct on that apartment you inhabit --she once persisted that she saw a light there, which though I acquiesced in, I felt certain was only owing to the wandering flights of her imagination. An all-protecting Providence has certainly guided you to us: Omnipotence rode on the storm that first detained you, and the fearless, strong, and philosophic mind he has bestowed upon you, urged your stay in this awfully sublime wreck of human grandeur!"

"Yes," said Vincenza, "brave Valcour, Providence has sent me;—

once out of the French dominions you have nothing to fear; I will take you all with me into Germany; I know where to find De Welmair; and oh! if you knew his sufferings, you would forgive and pity him."

"From my soul, I forgive him," said Valcour, "and shall pity all his sufferings; though rejoice in his conquering a pride which in him had become actual vice."

Vincenza looked round the room with astonishment. "How is it," said he, "that you perform your household offices and appear with comfort and neatness?"

"It is employment for me," replied Valcour; "I was long enough in the army to suffer all its privations and

inconveniences: an officer in camp and on fatiguing and protracted marches, is often obliged to perform his kitchen offices, and they generally know, tolerably well, the culinary part. When my Emilie has her reason, she returns to those domestic duties, which she so ably fulfilled, before a marriage, much too high for her, had taught her to think were degrading; she is an excellent housewife and was ever a model of neatness, both in her house and person: I thank you for your kind offer of transporting me to Welmair, which I certainly will accept, if my child recovers. Not for myself—not for Emilie; whose inviolable vow, should reason return, would prevent a mind like her's from ever agreeing to see her husband more—but for this boy, this darling child, born to wealth and power, but once seemingly

lost, like a wild rose, to bloom and wither unknown, in a wilderness."

"As to Madame de Welmair's vow," said Vincenza, "the cause of her taking it is so totally removed by your being yet alive, that I should think it more faulty to observe than to break it. Respected Valcour, oh! let no time be lost. As soon as ever your angelic daughter is recovered sufficiently to be removed, let us hasten to De Welmair; your pardon and that of your daughter, will stamp the virtue he now possesses, indelible; his voluntary sufferings and penance are such, that could you now see the haughty De Welmair, you would find him, (though increasing his estates for his son) willingly embracing a life, the most abject, mean and humiliating."

He then told him in brief, his meeting with him on the Alps. Scarce had he finished, when they heard a tumultuous screaming in a rude voice. Valcour was alarmed; he opened a closet, took out a trusty sword; and giving Vincenza a pistol, they rushed forward to the place, from whence the cries seemed to proceed.

Presently the voice of La Valleé, with "Oh! the ghost, the ghost!" assailed the ear of Vincenza. "It is my foolish servant," said the Marchese: but soon another and more interesting object presented itself: it was Emilie escaped from her bed, in all the phrenzy of fever; her fine form shielded only by her night clothes, her hair flowing loosely over her shoulders, and from the glow on her cheek, her brilliant eyes shone with

more than common expression; never did Vincenza behold anything so beautifully affecting.

"He will not," said she, as she threw herself, almost breathless, into the arms of her father, "he will not take this letter to the Duke: there is a man, who has a wife and child, condemned to die for murder! and I know if I ask his life, the Duke will grant it, when his Emilie requests."

"What a combination!" said the weeping Valcour, as he carried her up to her bed, by force; but she was nearly exhausted with her exertions, and but little was requisite.

La Valleé, who had laid himself down, with his face to the ground, now ventured to look up. "Repair

to the inn," said Vincenza, "in the town we left when first we visited La Breé: order them to keep for me, a commodious and close covered carriage and four of their fleetest horses, with one for yourself, to be ready at a minute's warning, whenever I shall order it." "Thank God," said La Valleé; "do you know, Sir, every time I go to that inn, though I give the master a note from you, that I am come to fetch whatever you send me for, they look at me just as if I was a madman: for there you left your clothes, and money, and God knows what, and I dare say they think it very odd you never appear yourself." "I do not want to be troubled with any of your foolish remarks: go to the hall, pale, silly coward, and recruit your spirits, before you go, with a good draught of wine." "Sir, I

dare not go by myself, for all the world." "How came you here?" said Vincenza. "Why, Sir, I begun to get used to the place, and every day less and less afraid: so you see heaven punished me for my presumption: however, Sir, I thought I would take a little bit of a walk, and when I got as far as here oh! Sir, the ghost of the Countess ran after me; and, Sir, I am afraid she was not so good as she ought to be, for she did not say a word about the Count, her husband, but begged and prayed that I would take a letter to the Duke for her; now, Sir, I suppose that Duke was her gallant." "Suppose what you please," said the Marchese, "and now, as we walk along, I will tell you something very wonderful."

"*Jesu Maria!*" Sir, there's another

of them," said the trembling La Valleé, seeing the child; Aye! aye! I warrant you that was no child of the Count's."

The child ran to Vincenza. "Grandpapa wishes to see you bye and bye." "I will come in a few minutes, my sweet boy," said Vincenza. "Now, look here," continued he to La Valleé, taking the child in his arms, "Please to read whose child this is." "My God, Sir," said the astonished La Valleé, "I am in a dream!" "No, you are not," said Vincenza, "Valcour yet lives; his daughter and himself are here; it was his daughter you saw and took for a ghost; and you are perfectly right in saying this is not son of the Count de la Hogue. I am going to transport this family to the now wretched husband; I take to him joy, happiness, and consolation; I go myself to

lasting sorrow and irreparable misery of mind."

The momentary joy which had brightened the countenance of La Valleé, now became clouded; "Oh! Sir," said he, "I was going to cry out *O giorno felice!** but what happiness is there for poor La Valleé if his master is wretched? and oh! my dear master, what can you have to make you so? you, blessed with wealth in abundance, learning, accomplishments, good health and a fine person—indeed, my Lord Marchese, you put me in mind of what I have heard your Confessor, the Monk Rembardo say, that this world is a scene of sorrow, from the cradle to the grave; for those who have not calamities will

* Oh happy day!

take care to create them. But yet, my dear, dear master, I hope it is nothing but this melancholy place that makes you talk of misery." They now arrived at the entrance of the castle from the road, and La Valleé concluded his moralizing with, "I go, I fly to deliver us all from this castle, worse than any giant's den or enchanted place I have ever read about." He was happy, however, of this errand to the inn, which would keep him a night from the castle, where notwithstanding he had found the trio of spectres to be really living creatures, composed of the same materials as himself, yet there was something so ruefully solemn in the ruined castle, that he ever entered it with horror and quitted it with a species of delight, though for ever so short a period.

When Vincenza returned to Valcour, he observed hope, and a degree of comfort lighting up his fine features.—"She sleeps," said he, pressing the hand of Vincenza. "Surely it is a crisis in her disorder; the plentiful drops bedew her forehead, which I hope will quench the dry and ardent fever, which for several days has burnt her afflicted brain: Sir, I am now no monk, but of the efficacy of prayer from an oppressed and wounded spirit, I have fervent hope, when offered up to that God, whose chief attributes are mercy and compassion! From worth like yours much too may be hoped: virtuous young man, retire to your chamber, unite your supplications to mine, for the restoration of my child's health and reason; and in the evening let me see you again."

Sweet and acceptable to heaven, is the incense that arises from a virtuous *mind* and a feeling heart! Emilie awakened late in the evening; her pulse languid, her body debilitated, but reason seemed to be gradually resuming her station.

In about a fortnight she was able to join her father and his new acquired guest: she was no longer wild, but a melancholy made her say but little, and that was generally to the purpose. She smiled when she saw her straw coronets, took them down, and told little William to throw them away. "But these," said she, kissing her favourite flower, "I will ever retain!" Sometimes a slight momentary wandering took place; soon her sense returned, and she conversed with some order; but often when she was speaking, she cho-

ed herself, as if fearful to trust her own reason, and dreading least she should fall into incoherency.

If Vincenza loved her in a state of madness, he now found her irresistibly charming in her soft and interesting languor. The frailty of man wished, much wished to prolong the time necessary for the recovery of her strength, sometimes love so prevailed, that every thing else was forgot, and he wished for no other happiness than to sit by her side in this dreary castle, hear the plaintive sweetness of her voice, and listen to the soothing and serious airs which were now the subject of her musical occupations; but virtue and generosity triumphed; he knew she never could be his: and he now urged and hastened their departure to Germany. Emilie was informed by her

father, that this generous friend would transport them far from their own country, and see her son put in possession of his just rights. The meeting between her and De Welmair was yet to be planned; it required much caution, much precision; for the vow rested on and rent her mind: she wished to break it; she dared not to speak the wish; nor durst her father yet ask it, nor her friend propose it, while her senses were in so fragile a state.

Vincenza was to travel in the character of a foreign nobleman; and Emilie, disguised with a long black veil, was to pass for his sister, the widow of a Spaniard, with her son; the beard of Valcour was cut off, his face blacked, and he travelled as a confidential Moorish servant, and a kind of governor to the child. La Valleé followed on horse-

back, and they passed the frontiers without difficulty or suspicion.

Arrived at Welmair, the steward was dispatched to the Duke; it seemed as if every thing combined to restore to him his lost happiness; it happened to be just about the time that Mr. Brinzdorff set out to meet his master. What were the feelings of De Welmair at the recital he brought him, may be formed in the mind's idea, but can never be described. With joy, bordering on distraction, he quitted his miserable occupation: he cast himself at the feet of Valcour. "My father," cried he, "forgive the man, humbled by contrition, taught by bitter repentance to see the culpable folly of pride, and the dreadful crimes inspired by uncontrouled passion: he kneels, the abject and penitent De Welmair kneels, humbled in

the dust; unworthy to lift up the head. Oh! sweet image of my Emilie, my beauteous boy, come to thy father, kneel and beg with me a blessing from the most virtuous of men; it shall be my first care to teach thee the futility of empty titles, and only to build thy name on the solid foundation of bravery and virtue."

"Can your Highness forgive me, for breaking my oath!" said Vincenza. "Forgive you!" replied De Welmair, "dear founder of my recovered happiness, fortunate was the day that I guided you over the Alps, and where I was impelled by a secret impulse, to relate to you my story: on that sacred place where first we met, will I cause a memorial to be erected in honour of that blessed event. But, ah! could another

solemn asseveration be retracted, th
my happiness were complete!

"And will not my Emilie revo
the rash vow, she made against
when she thought a beloved part
ceased to exist, and now he lives
health and safety!"

Emilie, after the steward's departu
had been easily persuaded, from t
singularity of concurring circumstan
to break that vow formed in the hou
of anguish and despair: and faint
with joy on the enraptured bosom
her husband.

Vincenza repined not at, he e
vied not his friend's happiness; b
from the certain conviction that suc
never could be his, from seeing th
only woman he could ever love, adore

each day with new perfections, and increasing in beauty and loveliness with her returning health and established reason, wasting melancholy caused such an alteration in him, that he was advised to return to his native, genial climate.

He returned to Italy, but not to Tuscany; he entered a monastery renowned for its hardships and discipline; but never able to drive the image of Emilie from his mind, after providing handsomely for his faithful La Valleé, he expired before he had attained his thirty-second year.

TALE THE SECOND.

THE

INVALID OFFICER.

TRAVELLING in the voiture from Dives to Honfleur, the eyes of the thoughtful and reflecting D'Alembert fixed themselves on a gentleman, his fellow traveller: he appeared to be about the age of fifty, or fifty-three years.

A pride, tempered by urbanity, seemed to mark his manners; he possessed a bold expressive countenance, tinctured by sadness corrected by fortitude, and

which formed its predominant charac ter: his thin hair, apparently whitene more by intemperate climates than ag blew over a cheek, that a tremendou shower of hail seemed unwilling t spare.

D'Alembert had in the commence ment of the journey, taken his seat i the *fond;** but had gone forwards t enjoy a seemingly mild and spring ai so frequently felt in the unequal mont of March.

"We have to take up two traveller who have walked a league forwards,

* Those who have not been accustomed to the v tures in Normandy, must observe, that this conve ance is a kind of open chariot: the postillion, as th call him, occupies the elevated seat in front; and tho who are seated in the *fond*, or back part, pay doub the price of those who are seated by the driver.

said D'Alembert, to the stranger; "but permit me, Monsieur, to offer you my seat in the *fond*."

"I prefer riding here," said his fellow traveller, "though equally obliged by your polite attention." A deep, though smothered sigh, broke from his mighty heart, and appeared to give him a momentary relief.

The different incidents on the road, gave rise to various remarks. D'Alembert found his companion shrewd, witty, and experienced; but more naturally wise than learned: in that large school, the world, he seemed to have been a scholar, who though formed by nature to shine, had been one of those unfortunate pupils, that had met with more rebuffs than encouragements. He possessed a cheerfulness, approaching to

levity, when thought did not intrude but when she did, keen and bitter seemed the pangs of his mind; nor could they be dissipated in a moment.

As the travellers all got out to walk over the rocks, commonly called the *black cows*, a poor, wounded soldier begged a relief; a big tear started to the eye of the stranger, he took from his pocket a purse of chamois hair, and drawing out one solitary twelve-sou piece, gave it to the grateful mendicant. He then unbuttoned his surtout, as if he found his heart required room to beat more freely; and D'Alembert beheld the tarnished regimentals of an officer.

His fellow traveller had deeply interested him; he longed to ask of him a thousand questions; but felt too much

respect to propose even one to him, relative to his situations and pursuits.

On their arrival at Honfleur, he perceived the stranger wandering on the quay, in expectation of the packet boat setting off to Havre: as it was not expected to sail for two hours, D'Alembert ventured to the quay, and entreated the stranger to honour him, by reposing himself a short time at his house: this obliging offer was accepted with that ease, which marks the man of the world, and who conscious of the state in life which he has been accustomed to enjoy, feels himself of equal consequence, when in possession of twelve sous or twelve million of livres.

He accompanied D'Alembert to an elegant mansion, where an aged governante brought in wine and other

refreshment: as they were seated at the table, the door gently opened, and the driver of the voiture, cap in hand, putting himself half in, apologized to D'Alembert, who desired him to come in, and not keep the door open upon them.

The fellow said, that he believed the captain had forgot to pay him. A blush of pride, blended with shame, shot across the glowing cheek of the officer. "I have settled that business with the hostess of the inn," said he, "where the voiture puts up." "Oh! 'tis well," answered the *good humoured driver: and with many a polite bow, and abun-

*The postillions in Normandy make ample amends for the inconvenience of the carriages, by their great urbanity of manners, nor seem to have the least fear of trusting a passenger one journey, till he takes another; not even foreigners: as is too much the case in England.

dance of apologies, quitted the apartment.

D'Alembert had been some years a widower; he had made mankind his study; he was wealthy, and he loved to do good, but he was indolent; so that he was seldom beneficent, because objects did not often fall in his way: he longed to do the officer a kindness, yet he dared not propose it, for he perceived that he was possessed of an high sense of pride, and of keen sensibility, which would have given severe suffering to the mind of D'Alembert to wound in the smallest degree. "Are you well known at Havre?" said he, to his guest. "I have been much employed abroad," said the stranger, "but there are few places in France, where I am not known: and indeed, for some few years back, I have known the

dwelling in several of the garrisons but too well." "I imagine you have been long in the service, Sir?" asked D'Alembert; "From a child," replied the officer; "I have known no life but a military one, nor received any other than a military education."

"In answer, however, Sir, to your question, I believe I am less known in Havre than at some other garrisons." "Then, Sir," said D'Alembert, "permit me," and he impulsively put his hand in his pocket,—"permit"—but checking the impetuous feelings of benevolence, fearful of wounding sensibility, he left his guest, waiting in silence for the conclusion of his speech—a long pause ensued, and D'Alembert cast down his eyes as they met those of the officer, whose scintillating expression seemed to give them an angry

e, while his broad high forehead
aquiline nose, imparted a dignity
s soldier-like countenance.

Alembert recovered his presence
ind, and giving the conversation a
"Permit me, Sir," said he, "since
u say, you are but little known in
e, to request you, as you can con-
atly have no particular ties that
you thither, to take up your abode
me, this night; the afternoon is
rous; the packet boat, will I know,
uch crowded, therefore, suffer me
evail on you to send for your *valise*
the quay, and when the tide serves
orrow afternoon, I will myself ac-
any you."

The last reason will alone deter-
me," said the officer, bowing with
te grace and native politeness,

"I will accept your offer, but have no *valise* to send for; my wife will follow me, when I am settled, if I should settle there with my packages."—"Then you are going to reside at Havre!" "I believe I shall, for some time."—"Pardon my curiosity,—on duty?" "No, Sir," said the officer with a sigh, "That habitual comfort I am deprived of."

These different questions, with their short answers, and this half kind of confidence were carried on till nearly the hour of supper: that convivial meal, in the ancient regimen of France, when a Frenchman's heart is open and he discovers all the natural and undisguised philantrophy of his mind. Gaiety, sterling wit, universal mirth and unfeigned hospitality then presided over the board.

D'Alembert and his interesting guest unveiled their sentiments to each other; and restraint fled before the *Vin de Beaune* and the sparkling champaigne.

D'Alembert's was the life of a private gentleman of fortune; who seldom stirred from home, uninteresting, except in his own domestic circle. The officer had seen campaigns innumerable, had fought bravely, had received several wounds; and was invalided and permitted to retire on a scanty pension, as a reward.

His story was well known in France and was as follows:

Belville, the son of a veteran officer, had entered the army at a very early age, almost in the season of infancy:

he was of a respectable family, but where it should seem, that, the prophet's maledictions had been fulfilled according to the very letter; that, "the sword should never depart from his house." His father, his uncles, his elder brothers all perished in the field of honour. Louis XIV. a warrior himself, ever rewarded military merit: great and powerful friends, obtained for Belville the commission of *Porte Ensigne* before he had well attained his twelfth year: he distinguished himself at a very early period of his life, in many actions, and was stepping on rapidly in the path of promotion; but unhappily for the youth, Louis died, full of age and honours, leaving behind him an imbecile and peaceable successor, devoted more to his pleasures than the welfare of his people; for mercenary mistresses

governed the nation, and not the king.

Again under the magnanimous, tho' mild, and virtuous dauphin, Belville took the field at the famous and memorable battle of Fonteney; where he received a severe wound on his left side, which confined him for a long time to his bed, endangered manifestly his life, and seemed to portend, if he should recover, the fatal overthrow of all military preferment.

Belville, though a man of good family, was not rich: the dauphin loved him, but Belville, like the dauphin, had the greatest detestation of those meretricious women, who can be guilty of bartering their personal charms for gain. To the poor, deluded female, who loved with sincerity, and who gave

not a thought to pecuniary reward, he afforded not only the tribute of a tear but heartily gave his mite, if she was in distress, from a purse which had never known what it was to be over-charged: but to her who could sell her embraces for gold, Belville felt a disgust which was apt to shew itself by visible marks of contempt and almost insult: he could not then pay his court to the haughty Pompadour the reigning favourite of the day and she too well recollected that when he had appeared at Court, his pointed and contemptuous looks were an obvious censure on her conduct and she laid every plan to prevent his enjoying that promotion the excellent dauphin had been so earnest to procure for him: but the king being rather incensed against that prince, for the marked neglect with which he treated

his female favourites, the virtuous dauphin lost all the little interest he formerly held at Court; and he was put off with half promises to any request he might make, or else not unfrequently experienced a positive denial, not unaccompanied with a reprimand.

Madame de Pompadour at length succeeded, during the long and protracted illness of Belville, in persuading the king to put his name on the list of invalid officers. By these means she put a final stop to all prospect of promotion for him, and she knew it would so damp the ardent and active spirit of Belville that he would be seldom seen at that court, where beardless boys, who could cringe and fawn to the favourite sultana, would tower over him in insolent pride, from

their being many high degrees of military rank above him.

Notwithstanding an arbitrary and despotic government, Belville yet endeavoured to get this fatal mandate disannulled: but finding it impossible, bore his lot with that patience which astonished his friends, from the known impetuosity of his temper, which almost bordered on irascibility. This calm resignation however proceeded from the healing hand of time over a deep sorrow he had long felt for an only son, and he also had perished on his first entrance into the field of honour.

A new regiment was now raised, to be under the express command of the dauphin, who was to appoint his own officers. The dauphiness, whose sym-

pathy with her beloved husband was proverbial, spoke for Belville, at the same instant that the dauphin was just going to utter, "Belville shall have a distinguished command. I shall not trouble the king about taking him from the invalids; but will place him, myself, in my new regiment." This was a manifest oversight in the dauphin, proceeding from his unsuspecting goodness of heart, which reflected not on the cruel fetters inflicted on the will by arbitrary power; and to which even the heir apparent to the throne of France was formerly subservient. He sent for Belville, told him not to give up his situation in the invalids, because it was more than probable that his new regiment might be reduced at a peace, but that he meant to appoint him to it himself.—Soon after followed the demise of

this beloved dauphin, and the regiment devolved to his son.

The grateful Belville and his family began to taste the sweets of their ameliorated circumstances: but now Madame Du Barri had succeeded to Madame Pompadour, and it is notoriously known, the unlimited power which she held over the king.

The arbitrary minister of the war department was her favoured protégeé; she gave away commissions, promotions, as the caprice of the moment, or self-interest might dictate. It was remarked to her, that Belville was in the young dauphin's regiment; had been seen commanding on the parade, and blazing with gold and embroidery: the soldiers idolizing him and ready to bow the knee before him; for Belville

was ever beloved and honoured by all the soldiery; making them rigidly perform their duty; but their friend and protector; diligently assiduous to avert from them every species of punishment.

Madame du Barri had heard enough. She had ever detested Belville, for it had been told her, with every aggravation that malice could invent, an expression he had made use of on her exaltation to the king's favour, as follows: "What, could not his majesty find one frail beauty about his court, but he must ransack the dens of infamy to find a mistress!" to which expression was added many pointed and bitter reflections on such who could sell their persons for money.

This offence she never forgave; but

determined, if possible, to be the downfall of Belville. "Does your majesty suffer," said she, one evening to the king, "a man who is invalided, and enjoying all the benefits of that institution, to thrust himself into the dauphin's regiment, and take away the bread from so many brave officers who are languishing for preferment, and, indeed, without employ? Belville, that odious and insolent Belville, deserves to lose every *sous* he has in the world, for his abominable impudence in daring to enter the dauphin's regiment without your royal consent." Louis requested of her to be pacified, though he said, with much imbecility, "that indeed it was *his opinion*, that an officer invalided, must not be allowed any military employment or emolument besides."

"And Sire," said she, "is not your

opinion a *law?* I assure your majesty, I never shall be pacified, till I see a reform of these shameful impositions in the war department; it is an insult to your honour and glory, which must ever be dear to me." "Well then, my adored du-Barri," said the king, "I will insist on his quitting the young dauphin's regiment and returning to the corps of invalids wherein I placed him." "No Sire, I beg your majesty will punish him by entirely depriving him of all military rank whatever, and declaring him unfit for every kind of duty." "Belville," says the king, "has ever been a brave soldier; shall I turn him destitute on the wide world who has fought and bled for me?" His brow suddenly clouded, and for the first time he beheld her with anger and contempt. The wary favourite began to fear she had gone too far; and with

well feigned *badinage*, she said, "N
La France" (the name she always ca
him by, when she caressed him w
fondness to gain a favourite point,
you imagine I would wish that Bel
should be thrown destitute on
world? No, no; so far from it,
I wish you to settle, on him a pens
without compelling him to ren
among the invalid officers: but I
sure I need not tell you, that suc
thing was never known as an inv
officer being engaged in actual serv
and receiving at the same time
emolument given to him on acco
of his being totally unfit for serv
besides the young dauphin's regim
ought to be composed of the
flower of the French youth.
Belville then enjoy all the profit
that benevolent institution of the n
invalids, and surely he will have re

to extol your magnanimity and bounty, for not depriving him of it. My dear La France, only slightly reprimand him; tell him his presence in future will be dispensed with at court: I really believe the man has been a good soldier, but he is impertinent, he has no business here."

"A better soldier never served in the Gallic dominions, my sweet Du Barri," replied the fascinated monarch, "but your advice is perfectly just and laudable, and depend upon it, shall be implicitly followed."

The artful mistress thus carried her point, and the young dauphin being severely reprimanded for retaining Belzire in his regiment, was threatened with his favourite being entirely struck off from receiving any future emolu-

ment for his past services, if he did instantly quit the distinguished ran held in the prince's regiment.

This, to an ardent spirit, like ville's, was a stroke of the most moi ing nature: but he knew so wel despotic government he had fough der, and that the war department now become more despotic than, he therefore, with apparent willing relinquished his honourable and l tive situation without a murmur, endeavoured to bury his sorrow tranquil retirement and content. most others of his profession, he not considered the stings which po inflicts on him who has been born a tleman, and ever accustomed to th of one: His mind's eye, saw not in spective, the rapacious tradesman low-born mechanic, who bestow dit and civility for a time, only to

he dart of insolence and mistrust the
er· nor viewed he, with the pon-
g eye of reflection, the numerous
ren of misery craving assistance
him when he might not have one
to spare, nor even one in his pos-
on to give.

ie soul of Belville was the seat of
ur and generosity: Not that close,
tatious honour, which says, thank
en I owe no one a *liard!* No, it
that nice, feeling sense of honour,
scorns to take a base advantage of
licity confiding in a superior: it
in him, a sweet and charitable prin-
, that bled "at every pore" for the
nds inflicted by the envenomed
ue of slander on the fame of a wor-
friend, and stepped boldly forward to
port that friend, however lowly, or
ever oppressed by grandeur and ar-

bitrary power. Strange it is, that this glorious principle should gain a man more enemies than friends! But so we find it; and thus, though Belville was loved by many, he was feared by more: All knew that pride and courage were inherent in his nature; and that with his great and magnanimous countryman, he could declare in the spirit of truth, "I fear God, and I have no other fear!"

It was impossible, with the scanty pay allowed him for former services, but what he must, with a family to support, and with his naturally liberal mind, be not only frequently exposed to difficulties, but also to poverty; and being shut out from all military employment, totally unfit, by education and habit, for any other, he was often in

situation which tottered on the
of absolute indigence

was in this situation that he was
by the worthy and philosophic
mbert on his way to Havre de
, where he was going to see a
elation from whom he had some
tations, and who having long re-
abroad, was ignorant of the dis-
s of Belville, who sat forward to
his wealthy kinsman with all the
ine hopes of a warm heart, as apt
dge of others by its own feelings,
uilding one airy structure above
er, foresees not the blast which
the empty fabric into its pristine
gness. Relatives are not the
st friends, by any means, that
ndigent possess: but virtuous po-
is amply revenged for their neg-
for the rich and haughty relation,

by not raising his family to comforta
dignity, loses often that consequen
he is so emulous to retain; and thou
too frequently it injures the needy p
son's character in the eye of a sord
world, which pays its homage to t
golden idol wealth, yet sacred truth
last will dispel the mists of prejudice a
error, and those who act as aliens
the close binding ties of kindred, w
ever meet with the contempt of the wi
and good; a class of beings, the hono
of human nature; who, though t
number may be greatly diminished, a
yet to be met with in every country.

Belville found this wealthy relati
possessed of an heart of adamant; eag
to blame, but loth not only to appro
but to assist: In vain he urged to a mi
of candour and sincerity, the necessi
of dissimulation; and how it behov

him, who would wish to prosper in the world, to bow the neck before triumphant vice: that a good subject ought to delight in the pleasures of a monarch, and bless the very footsteps of her who contributed to them. This sophistical reasoning made no impression on a mind shielded by virtue and unshaken courage; but he had the prudence to govern his temper, though he took care to let him know he could never accede to such erroneous principles.

"They are the principles," said the kinsman, "of every wise and prudent man. Do you imagine I should have returned to my native country, enriched as I am, had I insolently attempted either by a word or look, to find fault with the vices, as you sober ones are pleased to call them, of a great man. No, I applauded; I even went so far as to be

an assistant to their pleasures; to give presents to a favourite mistress; valuable to be sure, but which I knew would bring me more than tenfold their value; places, pensions, stars and ribbons."

Belville could scarce repress his indignation: yet, perhaps, thought he, most of the high honours a few lucky mortals possess, have been purchased in the same ignominious manner! "You are thoughtful," said the relation: "Better for you had you pondered this useful lesson sooner—it is now too late; but I perceive you see the absolute necessity of such a conduct, if you would wish to prosper in the world."

"The wish to prosper," replied Belville, "is certainly inherent in every mind; but if I must stoop to such de-

picable means of obtaining prosperity, I had rather, much rather, remain as I am."

"Then you are an obstinate fool," replied his kinsman. "However, Sir, you will excuse me, I have an indispensible engagement: Have you no clothes with you? I really cannot take you with me, in that old regimental coat; you would be a discredit to me; for I must introduce you as my relation." How soon could this stranger to the least ties of relationship have ameliorated the shabby appearance of Belville, and have given him consequence among his friends!

"I came not to make any stay here," said the mortified Belville; "and be assured, Sir, that my appearance shall never be a discredit to you: I go to

that retirement from whence I came to pay my respects to you, as soon as I heard of your arrival. The disgust I have some time felt at the world, you have not failed to render complete: I bid its busy pursuits and shallow friendships adieu for ever! and hasten to that solitude where I vegetate out my existence."

Their parting was cold and formal on the part of Belville's relation: he merely, and not without ostentatious vanity, paid his expences there and back; sent a trifling present to his niece, Madame Belville; and the brave and neglected veteran returned home to his poverty and obscurity.

TALE THE THIRD.

MELINDA;

OR,

THE WANDERERS.

AS Mrs. Macauley was travelling to London from Southampton alone, in the mail coach, just as the morning broke, she happened to cast her eyes on the opposite seat, and partly under one of the cushions, beheld in a corner a small morocco purse, with a silver clasp. On opening it, she found in it a guinea, a pound note, and a few shillings: but what gratified her most, was a card, on which was written, *Miss Forteseue, Harley Street, Cavendish Square.* This

thought she, will surely lead me to the owner; as the lady, if the purse does not belong to her, will certainly know the person who was the possessor of it.

Arrived in London, and recovered from the fatigue of her journey, she acquainted her husband with the resolution she had taken of waiting on Miss Fortescue, to enquire if the purse belonged to her or any of her family.

"Go, Sophia, you are right," said Captain Macauley, "and lose no time; justice demands instantaneous proceedings in these matters: Come, what signifies being so long in adorning yourself."

Mr. Macauley seldom spoke in kinder terms than these; he had an in-

e dislike to the terms of *my dear y love:* epithets too often made by married people to each other, r actions the most unkind; but ords ever operated as a cordial affectionate heart of Mrs. Ma- and she frequently felt hurt at sband's hasty expressions, though , she had no cause, for Captain ley's conduct towards her, was neral plan of uniform kindness limited indulgence.

. Macauley, on her arrival in -Street, was ushered into the l dressing-room of Miss For- ; a finished fashionable of about d twenty years of age: she ap- pale and languid from dissi- , and was reclining negligently ottomane; but the genteel ap- ce of her guest compelled her

to rise, and politely wave her hand to her, to take a vacant seat beside her.

Mrs. Macauley was not handsome, but her person was prepossessing, and not uninteresting; she had acquired that respectful ease when addressing her superiors, from having always kept the best company, that never offends by its familiarity, nor seems awed by its own inferiority: she therefore opened the business she came upon, without embarrassment or hesitation, and requested of Miss Fortescue to know if she herself had sustained such a loss, or if the signature of Melinda B——, on another card, was known to her?

Miss Fortescue asked Mrs. Macauley where she found the purse; and when Mrs. Macauley said in the Southampton mail coach, Miss Fortescue retreated as

far as she could squeeze herself, into the corner of the ottomane, and looking at Mrs. Macauley with evident marks of disgust and disdain, she said, "Do you travel in the mail coach? Good—" she was going to add, "woman;" but the gentlewoman of breeding so evidently appeared about Mrs. Macauley, that the lady coughed it away into "Good heavens! it must be shockingly disagreeable!" "No, for a public vehicle," said Mrs. Macauley, "it is certainly the most pleasant of any." "Perhaps so," said Miss Fortescue, "but as my own carriage always prevents my trying these *pleasant* public vehicles, and as the circles I am acquainted with never travel in mail coaches, I am sure the purse cannot belong to any one I ever left a card with; and how this adventurer, Melinda B—— came by it, I know not; for of course the purse belongs to her,

as upon the lock you may perceive a small cypher of *M. B.*" putting it into Mrs. Macauley's hand, adding, "I think, Madam, you had better advertise it;" and without giving her guest time to answer, she pulled the bell with violence, and darting a look of contempt on Mrs. Macauley, said, "I suppose you have no farther business with me."

Mrs. Macauley took her leave; and all the consequence innate rectitude could give her, shrunk before the insolence of pride and fashion: her frame trembled, and scarce could she restrain the tear from starting to her eye, as she walked homewards.

She immediately took Miss Fortescue's advice of advertising the purse; and as no one ever applied for it, after

epeated expence and trouble she locked h up, determining its contents should remain sacred.

Alas! thought she frequently, how distressed, perhaps, is the owner; likely some child of penury, poor and friendless; it may be, that at the end of her journey she had not sufficient to pay the expence of her fare. If young, if beautiful, how exposed in such a situation! He alone who befriends the distressed, would hear her sorrows and protect her!

Captain Macauley had been in the army from his earliest youth: the place of his nativity was Ireland; and though from the loss of all his relations there, and his very long absence from that country, he might be said to have almost forgotten the soil whence he drew

his breath, yet he retained all the native fire and impetuosity of a true born Irishman: Generous and open hearted to excess, he forgot, in the satisfactory guineas he spent or gave away, that perhaps some weeks must pass before he could get another: A sincerity, to a degree faulty, was the leading trait in his character: He would tell his commanding officer what he thought of him, as soon as he would a private soldier: but such sincerity in a dissembling world, enriches not nor promotes the man who possesses it: It is for the sweet votary of flattery, who pours his cringing and unmeant adulation into the willing and listening ear of power, who denies its own visual faculty, and declares that snow is black or jet is white, as the great man's caprice may dictate, who must look forward to honours and rewards; it is such alone, who will not

be disappointed. Macauley being not of that pliable mould, was obliged to remain contented, after having spent his best blood and early prime in his country's service, with being a superannuated Captain on full pay, though in possession of perfect health, and that extensive knowledge of his favourite profession which would do credit even to an Abercrombie.

Though, in point of fortune, he had but little more than his pay, he was always desirous to give of that little, and was never known "to turn his face from a poor man."

The present Mrs. Macauley was his second wife; her family was good, but her fortune very small; he had married her from inclination and esteem, without bestowing one thought on her pecu-

niary possessions: nor did either of t
repent their choice; for though t
dispositions were in many respects
posite, yet they might be truly sai
be as happy as the married state will
low.

Mrs. Macauley was not admire
first sight, nor was her acquaint
ever eagerly sought after: The
friends who had long known her, lo
her sincerely: Acquaintance, she d
had many; when her circumstances
gan to decay she had very few;
when poverty and misfortunes un
their force to depress her, she had no
Her real friends, who were equally
in adversity as in prosperity, were ob
ly of the opposite sex; for though w
out beauty, Mrs. Macauley was o
envied by her own. Her educat
though devoid of ornamental acc

plishments, had been good; and an early love of literature made her once ambitious of becoming an author; in which character, unpatronized and self recommended only, she was subject to all the oppressions and sarcasms of those booksellers who gain their subsistence from the labours of authors; and she had sometimes the mortification of finding her works rejected, while persons of inferior abilities, by an happy association of flowery thoughts, and supported by powerful and noble patrons, have towered above her; and she has shrunk into self-diffidence and disgust at her own performances, from the opinions of a partial and often ill-judging majority. Free from every spark of envy, she has viewed the success of her cotemporaries, and any pain she might experience of a mental kind, has been only at her own fancied littleness: This diffidence was

carried to a defect, and has sometim made her spiritless in company, whe had she given way to the lively salli of her imagination, and have spoken *tort ou a travers*, as many self-conceit females do, her wit and learning mig have passed as current with the mul tude as it did among her faithful a affectionate friends. By those wl were only slightly acquainted with h she was regarded as a genteel wom of very moderate abilities; but wh accidentally drawn into conversatio by any gentleman of learning, wh she has then shewn her thorough a quaintance with the best authors, h knowledge of different languages, h tory, and polite literature, the cord smile has forsook the countenance her female companions, and they ha regarded her with a silent coldness bc dering on fear.

But the fair side of Mrs. Macauley's character was tarnished by a kind of vanity which confined itself to her personal attractions: A vanity in her the most ridiculous; who, though well made, and far from disagreeable, was by no means handsome. She was conscious of not being beautiful, yet her good sense and good nature have often drawn the gentlemen about her; and while she has seen many a pretty idiot in the same situation, she has foolishly imagined it the certain *je ne sais quoi* of her exterior qualifications, that in some companies seemed to give her a decided preference over her handsomer female acquaintance: A love of outward ornament naturally followed this vanity, and a gay and youthful air was considerably heightened by every fashionable and tasteful article of dress an indulgent husband could procure for her,

and who was delighted with the admi ration she might excite.

Yet often Mrs. Macauley's diffidenc prevailed over her vanity; and she h sunk abashed when unnoticed in larg assemblies, where crouds of interestin females have added mental charms t finished personal perfections; and i those moments she almost wished t exchange her rare abilities, for a beau tiful person, to obtain the caresses an admiration of a multitude: so bounde are our faculties, and proves the imper fection of all earthly wisdom; and shew that the human mind has more in it the child than the philosopher. A lo of public diversions was also a leadin foible in Mrs. Macauley's disposition but let not the reader too hastily pa judgment on this frail daughter of mo tality. Mrs. Macauley would sacrifi

her best loved amusements at the shrine of penury; she ever paid the tribute of her tears to misfortune, and though childless herself, would willingly have adopted each orphan child of misery; for while a shilling remained in her purse, never did the houseless victim of poverty implore in vain!

Here Captain Macauley and his wife were congenial souls; in these deeds they experienced a luxury unknown to the cold-hearted and unfeeling: their affections thus became hourly cemented by the sweet bands of benevolence, and when misfortune frowned upon them, the conscious remembrance of past charities, dropped like a balsam on their aching hearts.

Count Mollendorf, the firm and unchangeable friend of this pair, was a

German nobleman, past the prime
life; his mother was an English lad
quality, of large fortune, and who d
when he was very young: a very fav
rite younger sister, had married aga
the consent of her friends, a most big
ted catholic, whose religion she e
braced; and at his death, according
a promise made him in his dying r
ments, she took the veil, placing
only daughter under the care of an I
glish gentleman, who had long had
management of her mother's and
late grandfather's pecuniary concer
the fondness of this gentleman's wife
the interesting child thus bequeathed
their care, exacted the warmest gratit
from the mind of Madame Kiermitz
mother; and she made a will that if
thing should happen to snatch her
loved daughter from the world bef
her marriage, that the whole of her

time should devolve to the only daughter of her guardian. When this child had attained the age of ten years, Madame Kiermitz was attacked with an illness which threatened to prove fatal to her; she however recovered, but having sent for her daughter, she told her at parting, she would give her a present, which, though apparently trifling, might be to her of the utmost consequence; she then shewed her a paper, written very closely all over in German characters, and sealing it with three seals, in her presence, "promise me," said she, with energy, giving her daughter, at the same time, a crucifix to kiss, "promise me to guard this with the most inviolable secrecy, and never open it till you have attained your twenty-first year; or till at the age of eighteen you should happen to be distressed, which is not very likely; never let any one know you are in possession

of this paper; only leave a few lines i your writing desk, if any alarming il ness should attack you, that you leave t your guardian some German writing which will be found sealed up among your papers. The young lady, fro her residence in England, was rapidl forgetting her native language; in tw or three years more, she almost entirel forgot it; but from the age of fifteen t seventeen, felt an ardent curiosity to ex plore the characters of this mysterious writing.

The father of Count Mellendorf die when the latter was much advanced i life; the count sold all his possession in Germany, and determined to pass th remainder of his days in England, t which country, its inhabitants, manner and laws, he was particularly attache He had long been in the Emperor's se

vice, but had, since his quitting his country, entered that of the English, in which, at the time of his acquaintance with Mr. Macauley, he had the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

He had a happy art of seizing character; and nothing did he despise so much as the cold-hearted man, who bore a fair outside appearance; a pliant, civil, sycophant, or as he would often call it, the man who bore no "*marked character!*" He saw through that of Macauley in an instant; open, brave, and generous; and he wished the man to be no more, whom he honoured with the name of friend. Macauley, loyal from principle, as well as from what his profession required, was just the man Count Mellendorf could press to his heart, and say, "reign here for ever!" Benevolent and truly liberal minded, the count

beheld the virtues of Mrs Macauley with friendly partiality; her person pleased him, and her foibles appeared to him as amiable weaknesses, which served only to set off her more solid endowments: he looked on them as proceeding from a want of that firmness of mind, with which heaven has more amply endowed the superior sex; and the weakness of an uncorrupted heart in a female, like the native delicacy of her frame, appeared to him a double claim to his parental indulgence and protection.

Such was this amiable, and almost perfect man: his friendship unshaken by adversity, and unbiassed by prejudice: invective and envy might rear their heads in vain, and serpent-like, endeavour to depreciate his favourites. His mind towered above the little ideas which

too generally actuate the world; and when "sharp-toothed" adversity embittered the days of his dear associates, he has treated their slanderers with so much contempt, that, in the end, the worthy Mellendorf has been left as solitary as those whose cause he so generously espoused; especially, as from his unbounded generosity, he was, though a single man, not rich.

Although many instances have proved that the safest friend is a male, yet the writer of these memoirs is firmly of opinion, that a real and sincere female friend is, to a susceptible woman, the truest balsam of life. Mrs. Macauley was so devoted to this opinion, that she found her life a blank, without some female of congenial sentiments with her own, to whom she could unbosom her thoughts, her griefs, and pleasures. In

her early youth she had formed a friendship with two females, sisters; who might justly be said to do honour to the name of fidelity and sincere affection; but they marrying much about the same time with Mrs. Macauley, their various situations in life, divided them so long and so frequently, that though they regularly corresponded, they very seldom saw each other.

Amongst the several acquaintance to which Mrs. Macauley was introduced while in the army, she contracted a great intimacy with the family of Captain Penruddock: the captain's second daughter, Miss Eloisa, had imbibed a great love of study; had a tolerable turn for poetry, and Mrs. Macauley and the young Eloisa became inseparable while abroad.

When Mrs. Macauley returned to re-

side in her native country, they maintained a regular correspondence; and in a few years their friendship was renewed by Captain Penruddock being invalided, and passing the remainder of his days in England.

Miss Eloisa Penruddock was a most eccentric character; like her friends, she possessed many of the good qualities of the heart, but her head so often led her astray, from the effects of her romantic enthusiasm, that she has done as much harm to her friends as ever a worse disposed young woman could have done from the dictates of an indifferent heart.

When she last arrived in England, she was near five and twenty years old; but always spoke of herself as a child; and with a very plain person, fancied

every man who spoke civil to her, or looked at her, with any degree of complaisance, was certainly in love with her: she was a great politician, and much attached to the system of the then republic of France, and its First Consul; declaring she would at any time walk barefoot an hundred miles, to kiss the hem of his garment: while a French emigrant, who visited at Captain Macauley's, used daily to tell her, she had better follow the example of the fish-women at Paris, and act by the First Consul as they did to the house of La Fayette.

But the character of this extraordinary young lady will be better seen into by a perusal of a letter she wrote to a friend at Gibraltar.

Miss Eloisa Penruddock to Miss Le Maitre.

"Glocester-place, March 6, 18—

"With what delight, my dear, dear "friend, do I date this letter from Eng-"land! not that I am particularly at-"tached to the foggy and unwholesome "climate in which I first drew the vital "air, nor that I highly admire its go-"vernment, manners, or laws: far, very "far from it! but you know I am an "enthusiast in every thing; wonderfully "so, it must be confessed, for one of "my *early* years! but I look forward "to the pleasing hope of one day cut-"ting a brilliant figure on the great "theatre of life!

"Why, you will naturally say, am I "thus in my accustomed raptures? you "shall hear; and then your astonish-

" ment will cease, which, of coun
" be excited, to find me already
" spirits, when you witnessed hov
" tears I shed at quitting the s
" the captivating Moors, the C
" and Barbary Jews, with wh
" dear delightful rock abounds
" Andalusia, delightful provinc
" name alone, so sweetly roma
" music to my ear! But I shal
" with all these digressions, tell y
" passes in England: but whe
" came to settle here, who shoul
" was my near neighbour, but
" beloved Mrs. Macauley. D
" jealous Le Maitre, but no wo
" loved another, as I do her;
" she often laughs at my ideas;
" am sure, her own, if she wo
" confess it, are every bit as rom
" mine; and we have such a si
" in our way of thinking, tha

shall never separate more! indeed will not. I will follow her on foot, disguise, as far as the Antipodes: know I love her husband too, I him for his singular originality; I really think he is so fond of me, if Mrs. Macauley was to die, he ld marry me to-morrow. They got a new friend, of whom I am the envious, as he engrosses not their regards, but a considerable ion of their time: he is a noble- from Germany; and though I ery partial to all foreigners, I do like him; for I perceive under semblance of candour and friend- he only laughs at me. The auleys say he has great virtues; hey are not in the least of the ro- tic kind: and I say, give me the es that attract my love, not my ct.

" Well, am not I happy, thus
" have found my dear friends aga
" Now Mrs. Macauley and I can
" about books, she will correct my
" etry, and she is the only one fi
" whom I can brook correction ; f
" know when she finds fault, she is
" actuated by envy.

" My sister Amelia married soon
" ter our arrival in England ; and
" the felicity, as perhaps she may ca
" of presenting her husband with
" daughters, this first year of their
" riage : she is quite the domestic p
" ding wife ! has neither literary,
" losophical, or political knowle
" Poor thing ! I pity and despise
" homespun ideas. But think
" my dear Le Maitre (I cannot call
" by your hideous name, Sally !) t
" not I despise or forswear the stat

"matrimony, though I think the cere-
"mony all nonsense: yet I cannot bear
"the idea of dying Miss Penruddock!
"but then I have so many lovers, I know
"not where to fix; though there is one,
"most particularly attached to me; and
"how do you think I first found that
"out; he came into the same box the
"other night, when I was at the play,
"with a few friends; and he never spoke
"to me, but chatted with every other fe-
"male of our party: now, my dear, was
not this man jealous? I love to tyran-
nize over a man, above all things, and
feel very much inclined to favour his
pretensions, when I have teized him a
little longer. You, who prize con-
stancy so much, will, I know, blame
me for so soon forgetting the dear Rus-
sian I was formerly acquainted with,
the charming Danchintzkikowslow;
what a heavenly name! How delight-

" ful to have been called the Co
" tess Danchintzkikowslow! But,
" my love, I am not inconstant, on
" possess an heart that is feelingly a
" to love: besides, I know that D
" chintzkikowslow is dead; I saw h
" in the visions of the night, standing
" the foot of my bed, in the little ba
" garret, where I now sleep with
" maid servant, and he said, " weep
" my Eloisa, I was banished to Sibe
" by the Emperor Paul, where I die
" render some other favoured lover ha
" py in bestowing on him your de
" dear hand!" He then threw dow
" little image of St. Nicholas, whic
" have often seen hanging round
" neck, and as I awaked in horror,
" actually found the little St. Nicho
" gone from off my neck, and that
" used to wear, laying in the very pla
" I had dreamt of. Amelia wishes

"persuade me it was my own which I "had let fall the night before; but I "shall never believe it. I fear my dear-"est friend, if I do not close this letter, "I shall be too late for the post; and "wishing you every happiness, and beg-"ging you to pray for your friend, who "has now received a deep-wounding "shaft from the quiver of Love, through "the brilliant eyes of a French marquis, "who resides in London, and who visits "at Captain Macauley's; but believe "me, dear friend, how much so ever I "am devoted to him, it will not lessen "the attachment I feel for you; and I "assure you I shall ever remain your

"Sincere Friend,

"ELOISA PENRUDDOCK."

two extraordinary, and then by some happy inoffensive jest, put a termination to the subject. They all laughed at Eloisa's sallies, but they all regarded her with partiality, and have often owned against their better judgments, that she was in the right. Mr. and Mrs. Macauley, had, of late, been left very much with this exclusive society; from what cause was best known to their old friends.

It really had not struck on the thoughtless and volatile mind of either, that accumulated debts, far beyond their power to pay, had caused the tongues of the various tradesmen who had given them credit, to speak in very plain terms to their other customers, that Captain Macauley was certainly a ruined man. And soon their several claims came like a thunder-clap, all at one time, on the dis-

tressed officer: and from one to whom he owed a very large sum, an arrest!

The generous Mellendorf instantly became bail for him, and called a meeting of his other creditors, prevailing on them to wait a stated period, till Mr. Macauley could settle their different claims, and these the liberal friend would willingly have arranged himself, had his fortune been sufficient.

A peace being just concluded with the First Consul of France, Macauley imparted to his friend, from whom he had no concealments, his design of retiring to that country, till by dint of economy he should be enabled to settle his affairs in England: this the honest soul of Macauley fully resolved upon; but he foresaw not the probability of finding

this cheap extolled country, as dear as his own.

Count Mellendorf, who well knew that his worthy friend would never be enabled to satisfy his creditors, and that he must be doomed, perhaps, to close his active life, and quell his fervent spirit in the walls of a prison, entirely approved his plan; and Mr. and Mrs. Macauley, immediately setting off to Southampton, embarked on board a vessel for Havre de Grace.

Here, freed from the dread of rapacious creditors, they would have experienced new life, had not the idea of being separated from their beloved count, damped every pleasureable thought: torn from him, whose amiable manners, whose unexampled generosity and disinterested kindness, had rendered him doubly dear;

they might be said at best, that they experienced a moderate portion of content. But not even the mirth and gaiety to which even the minds both of Mr. and Mrs. Macauley were ever prone, and which so constantly illuminates the manners of the French, could cease the pangs they felt at parting from him, whom they regarded with so much grateful love, and such sincere affection.—For his noble candour, for his friendship-beaming eye, his cordial soothings, they received in exchange, over-strained politeness, insiduous fondness, the ready unmeaning smile, and not unfrequently, the contemptuous shrug from the *nouveau riche*.

The master of the vessel in which they had sailed from England, extremely pleased Macauley; he found him so generous, so discreet, so friendly, and so

very superior to men of his class in
neral, that finding he was going
Caen, the place of Macauley's inte
residence, he insisted on his accom
nying him and his wife thither.

With their usual imprudence
want of foresight, they lodged fo
length of time at an *Hotelliere*, the
ter of the vessel continually dining
them, but as continually, positively
claring, he should pay for his di
himself, and for his wine; which o
account was to be put in the bil
Captain Macauley. Accordingly
desert was superb, the wine flowe
abundance, and mostly of the best
that could be procured.

They lived in this way for abo
month; when the master having
mised to take his coffee with Mrs. M

the next morning, after waiting
derable time, she requested her
d to go down to the bar, and en-
after him; this was between the
of eleven and twelve; and the
ly informed him that the Captain
t off from thence, purposing, as
d her, immediately to return to
nd, between three and four that
ag; astonished beyond measure at
rupt departure, they yet thought
re of it than the extreme of ill-
ng.

weather was fair; Macauley and
ife were alone; and after their
ast, they strolled out to look for
ablished residence; and having
one that they thought would suit
returned to the inn, and called in
ccount, in order to defray their
ces; but to their painful astonish-

ment, found not only their tre
companion's dinners and wine
but numerous extra articles of *
a la fourchette, and *chasse caff*
most expensive kind of *liqueurs*, a
he ordered to be put down to the
Capt. Macauley: in vain did he
strate; at last the landlord took off
of the bill which treated of these
articles, declaring the *Coquin* h
never shew his face there again:
expence of his dinners, his extr
and wine Macauley was obliged
purse; for the maid, who wa
them, declared she had frequentl
Monsieur Anglois tell him not to
any thing of the kind, when th
adventurer has talked of pay
himself: this enormous bill w
found to take a great deal mor
cash than poor Macauley possess
had good naturedly lent his tre

* Luncheons.

guest five guineas the day before his departure.

Macauley offered to leave his regimental gold laced coat, his sword, and a few trinkets of his wife's until his pay should be again due: the landlady of the hotel, however, though self was the first object with her, said, "Sir I will take these things as a security for payment, but on condition that you remain in this house till you hear from England; what you have put in my hands would be but of little use to us, if we saw you no more and had to sell them, therefore, Sir, keep what little money you have; stay here; you have been treated very ill, you shall not pay anything for the room you occupy, and I will supply you with what you want for your table as cheap and moderate as I can." This proposal was not unfair, and the honest

hostess kept her word: she paid ev attention to Mrs. Macauley, procu books for her, and the time not be very far off when Macauley could m use of his letters of credit, they beca tolerably easy in their present situati

When the day arrived that Macau received his pay, after satisfying people at the inn, he found he had little money left; however, with e nomy, they calculated that it wo serve them till their next payment ca round, and they took a comforta lodging in one of the principle street Caen.

One Sunday morning, just bef that agreeable epoche arrived, t would enable Macauley again to dr on his Banker, and the long attac couple were talking over their p misfortunes, and the ameliorated pr

pect before them, Mrs. Macauley amusing herself at the window, i viewing the various dresses of th crowds going to mass at the gre church opposite to them, a tap at th door of the apartment announced visitor. Mrs. Macauley stepped fro the window to open it; but what wa her surprise at finding herself claspe round the neck by Miss Eloisa Pen ruddock!

The first impulse of both Macaule and his wife were to return the embrac most cordially, and though much sur prised at this very unexpected visi yet could not bring themselves to utt any thing which might have the lea approximity to coolness; yet the que tion seemed mounting to their lips c "What could bring you here?"

Mrs. Macauley at length said

"Are you here alone, my dear Eloisa?" "Yes," replied she, "I came in the coach from Coutanche; here, continued she, emptying her purse on the table, with the great sum of four guineas in it, "I could not live any longer in England without you, my dear friends; and at last, after much begging and praying on my part, father gave me leave to come to you, and I shall pay for my board and washing, whatever you may think proper to charge me." "As to that, my dear Eloisa," says Macauley, in the genuine warmth of his heart, "put up your money; be assured we shall never take any from you;" and indeed, he well knew that the very limited state of Captain Penruddock's circumstances would leave it entirely out of his power to place one of his daughters out to board, when by her residing amongst his own numerous family, and being an assistant to her

nother in her houshold concerns, she might rather save him money by staying at home, instead of adding to his expences.

The truth is, the Marquis D'Elcour, a Captain in the Regiment de Meuron, had made an impression on the susceptible heart of Eloisa: he was a man of rather a romantic turn of mind, possessed of strong feelings and of a remarkable tender and compassionate nature: to shew him any token of esteem, was sufficient to ensure his gratitude for ever: he was fond of the sex, but rather diffident of his own personal qualifications. Eloiza had seized his character; it bore, in some respects, a trifling similarity to her own, and she adopted the rest of his ideas as far as she was able: he saw she loved him, he felt grateful, and fancied he entertained for

her the same inclinations, and the wish to unite his fate to hers; but he was poor! he had little more than his pay, and depended, for his future prospects, on the caprice of a rich maiden sister, who had long settled in England before the troubles broke out in France.

Eloisa became in the habit of imparting her griefs and pleasures to the Marquis: he made protestations to her of inviolable attachment and fidelity; he never offered by any action, word or look, aught that could sully the brightest purity of the mind and manners; nor sought to take the least advantage of unguarded affection; at the same time he was also careful not to make any formal proposal of marriage; but Eloisa wrested all his expressions according to the interpretation that she wished to give them, and few there were, amongst her acquaintance,

to whom she did not give out that she should soon be the Marchioness D'Elcour!

Soon after the departure of her friends to France, the Marquis called one morning at her father's, where he found her reclined on a sofa, her countenance pale, her hair hanging neglected over her face, and if she was not the emblem of sorrowing *beauty*, she looked so woe besane, that she greatly affected the compassionate heart of her lover; he intreated her to tell him the cause of her anxiety; she only answered by tears, by wringing of her hands, and all the outward agonies of a violent and irreparable sorrow; which exertions ended in a strong hysteric fit. The Marquis not knowing what to do, ran to the kitchen, and procuring some water from the maid servant returned

quickly to the assistance of Eloisa; h
found her mother with her, applyin
burnt feathers to the nose of her daugh
ter, administering hartshorn and wate
till, with some difficulty, she effected h
recovery.

Mrs. Pennruddock, was a goo
plain, housewifely woman. "I a
sure," said she, "I do not know wh
is to be done with this girl! her head
so stuffed with the novels and romance
that she is reading from morning
night, that she is almost mad; ever sinc
Mrs. Macauley has been gone
France, she has been in this way."

Eloisa began now to weep again, a
again, and the Marquis endeavoured
sooth and comfort her; she sunk on h
bosom, she threw her arms round h
neck and wept aloud, and the blushin
and abashed Marquis felt himself in

ry awkward situation, for two dashing
ng officers belonging to his regi-
nt just then entered the room, and
well knew these young men were
much given to the modern
lification of *quizzing*, and that he
not likely soon to hear the last of
ludicrous scene.

We have just been at your lodgings,
quis," said the oldest, with an arch
" an order is arrived for us to
ourselves in readiness to go abroad,
at we must join the regiment with-
delay: hearing you were walked
'aptain Penruddock's, we did our-
s the honour of paying a morning
to Mrs. Penruddock and her
y daughters; and whatever envy,
Marquis, you may excite in our
s, we humbly beg your pardon
ur unseasonable interruption."

The Marquis was by no means relieved by this information; for now Eloisa acted the part of the distracted love-sick heroine of romance: she held fast round the neck of the Marquis, she screamed, she talked nonsense. "And will you, can you leave me?" said she, "am I then to be bereft of every one to whom I am attached, and who have shewn any attachment to me?" "Upon my soul, my dear Madam," said one of the officers, "if it had been my blessed lot to have been beloved as the Marquis is, my commission might go to the devil; I would dig potatoes, and the snowy hands of my Eloisa should prepare my repast, sooner than I would, for the sake of barbarous heroism, give up the dear delights of love."

Eloisa loosed her arm from the neck the Marquis, and surveyed the

officer; the Marquis gained courage, and said, "Indeed I am not entirely of your opinion; I think love alone, will neither provide for the kitchen, nor be a good cook:" this gave a laughable turn to the scene, and put a stop to the quizzing part of it.

The Marquis promised to return in the evening, to tea, and take his leave of the friendly Penruddocks. He found Eloisa in an alarming state, having had another severe fit; he walked with her in the garden, he requested her to confide her sorrows to him, as he pressed her to his heart, with unfeigned tenderness; he wept with her, and intreated her to name whatever might be in his power to assist her in, and he would gladly step forward to promote her happiness, for he was certain something lay heavy on her mind. She then made him bind himself by an oath, to

persuade her father to let her go to France to reside with Captain and Mrs. Macauley. "But, my dear Eloisa," said the Marquis, "do not you know that Captain and Mrs. Macauley are gone to France on a plan of strict economy? any addition to their family, at this time, might counteract their design." She then shed abundance of tears, and the tender hearted Marquis, at her renewed persuasions, repaired to her father, and enforced the request of his daughter.

"Sir," says Captain Penruddock, "how can I permit any such thing? how do I know that Captain Macauley will receive her? he is not rich any more than myself. I cannot, Marquis, even afford to pay her passage and travelling expences; for I understand our friends are settled far in the interior of the country!" "Permit

me, Sir," said the generous D'Elcour, "to be in this respect your daughter's banker; it would be my ambition that she should hold me in a dearer relation. You must think, Sir, I have not been sufficiently explicit, as to the cause of my frequent visits at your house; I am not yet, Sir, entirely my own master to dispose of my hand as I please, but though delayed some time, I yet trust the happy period will arrive when I shall have the happiness of calling you by the name of father. Suffer me then to pay, not only for Miss Eloisa's travelling expences, but also for her board at Captain Macauley's;" and drawing an handsome sum from his pocket book, he added, "give her from this what you think proper; renew the sum as you find requisite to remit it to her: when it is all exhausted, write to me, wherever you find the regiment is stationed, and I will joy-

fully send whatever supply may h
my power, through the means of
agent or my sister.

Captain Penruddock had sev
daughters; three of them were ha
some, and had married to men in
good circumstances: he thought El
likely to lie on his hands, and he
much pleased at the idea of her be
united to a man of D'Elcour's rank
consequence: he pondered it over
his mind; the Marquis had never
so explicit before: Delighted, he t
the bank notes, and consented to
request of the Marquis and the wish
his daughter.

After the Marquis had departe
join his regiment, Captain Penrudd
gave his daughter thirty guineas, tel
her to husband it well; and she
ceeded to France, under the escor

her brother, to whom Penruddock gave the charge of paying her passage.

On her arrival at Coutanche, captivated with French finery and public amusements, after she paid her journey to Caen, amounting only to eighteen livres, she had but four guineas left out of her thirty, and they were gone in a very few days. Every new fan, every piece of lace she fell in love with: it was so cheap, it was so elegant! and poor Macauley had not only to support her, and pay an additional apartment for her, but find her in pocket-money; so that the plans of his economy were entirely defeated.

A friend of his, who sincerely wished him well, informed Captain Penruddock, on his return to England from France, whither he had been on a plea-

surable excursion, of the imprudence of Louisa, and the added charge she had become to the generous Macauley. Her father immediately sent for her home, under the care of a friend.

Soon after her departure, news came to Macauley of the death of a relation, who had left him a handsome legacy: He repaired home to take possession of it, and settle, as far as he was able, a part of all his tradesmen's bills; who convinced, by that action, of his integrity, took leave of him, on his return to the continent, with great cordiality, and a firm reliance on his promise of settling their claims as soon as possible.

END OF VOL. I.

Printed by J. & E. Hedgyn, Cross-Street, Hatton-Garden.

TALES

OF THE

MANOR.

By the Author of

THE PRIVATE HISTORY OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND,

&c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

"I consider my reader as a friendly fellow-traveller, with whom I roll through towns and villages, or, perhaps, sometimes lose myself, in an agreeable or romantic footpath. Whoever is so disposed, may saunter carelessly by my side, and accept of the nosegay of wild flowers which I mean to pluck for him."

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

LONDON:

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1809.

CONTINUATION

OF THE

STORY

OF

MELINDA.

SOON after Captain Macauley's departure for England, the Carnival took place, that scene of Gallic festivity, when Frenchmen seem completely mad with joy; when they feast, dance, drink, and sing to such excess, as a previous compensation for the approaching fast of Lent, that it is a wonder it does not kill a people who are very far from being devoted to the pleasures

of the table, or, by any means, votaries of the Rosy God.

The forty days of abstinence which follow, are apparently too little to correct the epicurism and sensuality to which they give themselves up, during the short and merry season of the Carnival.

Mrs. Macauley was now quite in her element: with a few acquaintance, whom she had invited to partake of the varied pleasure of receiving masks in the evening, she had gazed at, admired and laughed at the various *unique* and grotesque masqueraders who parade the streets, till her eyes ached, and the scene, so new to an English person, dazzled her sight, and almost bewildered her senses.

Amongst the lovely French women who had peculiarly interested her and her husband, was a young person who worked at a milliner's shop, nearly opposite to their lodgings. Equality was beginning, under the rule of Buonaparte's consulship, to lose its ground: the gentlemen of easy fortune no longer held any future acquaintance with the shopkeeper; and though some republican-spirited officers, in all their tinsel and glittering trappings, have shook hands, in the public streets, with a clown who might be driving a waggon, yet such a one was held in contempt by his brother officers, as a man of vulgar manners and plebeian origin.

How much did Mrs. Macauley now wish, that the equalizing system might permit her to invite the interesting mil-

liner to her *petit soupé,* whose partak
were to be chiefly composed of *ci-*
vant nobility, or staunch royalists; s
if such a guest was discovered am
them, it would inevitably lose her
countenance of these respectable
quaintance: she ventured, however
kiss her hand to her, as she saw he
the balcony of an opposite *jealousi*

"I do really believe," said
daughter of an emigrated mar
"that Madame Macauley took tha
over the way, for some person *co*
il faut!"—"No, I know who she
replied Mrs. Macauley; "she is a
sistant to Madame Merchon, my
liner; she is a sweet, interesting
both in her manners and perso
"*Mais fi-donc ma chere!*" said a
ci-devant countess; "do not let

girls think they are our equals; after all, you English will favour the revolution."

Mrs. Macauley felt rather hurt at such an undeserved reproof: she had been long enough in France to see that there is no medium in the character of the people; that the plebeians were daily exalting and forgetting themselves, but that an abundant share of fastidious and mistaken pride still attached itself to the old, impoverished nobility. She walked from the window, and in the course of an hour, the room blazed with lights, and masks of all kinds; some known to her, some unknown, arrived in heterogeneous throngs. The select party for supper had not yet arrived.

Amongst the masks was a beau fully formed young Turk, who tracted the notice of every one: it v in vain they made use of the customa stratagem, expressed in the sentence " *Monsieur, vous etes connu.*" M sieur absolutely refused to unmas he attached himself to Mrs. Mac ley; he followed her like her shado and when he had drawn her far fr the company, he said to her, in E lish, "my embassy is to you." He t continued in French, that he must silent, as his ignorance of her l guage prevented his saying more.

Mrs. Macauley was lost in astoni ment: a crowd of various ideas rus on her mind, all vague, all confu Vanity lighted up a trifling spark, it was soon, very soon, extinguish

she begged him to unmask, she made use of that seldom-failing expression, *"C'est en vain, Monsieur, que vous vous deguisez; soyez assuré que vous etes connu."* (" It is in vain, Sir, that you disguise yourself: be assured, we know you.") He stayed but a short time after these repeated solicitations; the remaining company were now full of various conjectures; but the ladies had all observed the elegance of his turban, the fineness of his linen, the whiteness of his hands, and were convinced he was *un homme comme il faut.*

And now, though Mrs. Macauley was absorbed in thought, she had leisure to remark the insipidity of a Carnival masked apartment; and the writer of these pages dares to hazard an assertion, that there is less genuine

mirth, less sterling wit and repartee, in a French than in an English masquerade; although the lively French are so prone to tax the English with their saturnity. One disguise appeared to Mrs. Macauley particularly absurd; but seemed a great favourite with the Gallic fair. This dress was called the *chauve-souris,* (the bat); the robe consisted of a long black gown with full ruffles; and on a black head-dress stuck up two ears like those of a bat, which strange disguise rendered the whole a stupid character, with nothing to say. Doctors of the law appeared in their gowns and long wigs, and attempted to be witty on the birds of night: flower girls, in such attempts, became low; female country girls, with pretty painted masks, took them off, and discovered the swarthy countenance of

an old coquette: general officers, carrying an organ and magic lantern, and pretty hurdy-gurdy girls, from the enriched class of revolutionists, formed the motley group, which went and came till between the hours of eleven and twelve; when some flocked to the Opera-house, others to the illuminated mansions of their different acquaintance. A few unmasked; and some of them, who proved to be the intimates of Mrs. Macauley, were requested to partake of her supper. After that meal was withdrawn, a dance was proposed; but many veered off, as the morning began to be advancing, and some devotees must go to church, to receive the consecrated ashes of the Wednesday, which was almost about to rise on this scene of noisy mirth and profligacy. The dance was therefore postponed.

While two or three chosen were left with Mrs. Macaul were about taking leave, a fe ling masks strolled in, merel good night, take some trifling ment, perhaps stay and sing o and then wish a good repose to *Angloise:* amongst them gli graceful figure in the char Night: the gentlemen, in a sh rallied her on having so little She replied, " That silence ou the characteristic of Night, and them, that the dawning mornin approaching fast would soon their festivity, and oblige her t her place." Then taking Mrs. M on one side, she addressed he own language, to this effect:—

" Let me, under the shieldi

tle of Night, warn you, to quit this country as soon as possible; be assured my information is the voice of truth, and proceeds from an earnest desire to promote your welfare. The General of Division, commanding here, lodges with a friend of mine; and rest assured, when you least expect it, you will be seized, both you and your husband, as prisoners; for a war with England will inevitably take place in a week, or a fortnight, at the very farthest. Farewell! reject not, I beseech you, this advice, but confide in the good will of Melinda."

"Melinda!" echoed Mrs. Mecauley, "Oh! return;" but she had darted like lightning through the passages, and was soon lost amongst the crowd.

The correctness with whi
spoke the English language, h
graceful form, excited the won
admiration of Mrs. Macauley ;
able, on retiring to rest, to cl
eyes, she revolved over and ove
mind, the expressions of the st
She doubted not but what, in t
mer part of the evening, it was
teresting Turk who had appe
desirous of imparting to her w
then called his embassy ; but he
were so crowded at that tim
she thought, most likely, the
then judged some among the co
might be English, or acquainte
that language. She was dete
however, while she remained in
to visit carefully every place of
resort, where she might think i

to obtain a sight of her: but how should she recognize her? she knew her husband would return in a very few days; and then resolved, with his concurrence, to advertise the purse in the *Publiciste*, which she had accidentally found in the Southampton mail coach; for she had not a doubt left but what she had found the Melinda to whom it belonged.

She repaired, with the daughter of the people where she lodged, to church, to collect the sacred ashes; she observed no one whose form appeared to resemble that of the beautiful figure of Night: but a female who knelt beside her seemed to interest her; her face was turned from her, and covered with a black lace veil; she looked round towards Mrs. Macauley, just

before the service was ended, and
covered the sweet face of the pr
millener, who humbly cast down
eyes, and continued her prayers.

To Mrs. Macauley's most agree
surprise, on her return home, she fo
her husband arrived: the proje
war was hinted to him in England,
they began to prepare for their de
ture: but previously they signifie
an advertisement, the finding of
purse, near two years ago; and
whoever would apply for it, on
scribing the particular marks and
money therein contained, it shoul
restored to the rightful owner: f
all their little difficulties and distr
the Macauleys had never yet borr
a shilling from it.

A week had nearly elapsed, and no one had applied for it. Mr. and Mrs. Macauley were on the eve of their departure, and, as the last resource that suggested itself, sent the crier round the town: in about an hour after, the interesting milliner made her appearance.

"My name, Madam," said she, addressing herself to Mrs. Macauley, "is Melinda Bennet; it is now near two years since I left England for this country: I came from Southampton, an indigent young woman, to seek employment in the millinery line in France: to add to my pecuniary distresses, soon after the packet had sailed in which I was on board, and which was destined for Havre, I found I had lost my purse, containing the whole

stock of money I was possessed of i the world. The agony I suffered at thi discovery, may be better imagined tha described: the purse, Madam, is, o red morocco leather; it is marked ME LINDA B. in gilt letters, and on th clasp are the initials of my name; i contains a card with the signature o MELINDA B.—I never could endure t write the name of Bennet, unless obliged to it; but that is nothing to the pur pose: on another card is superscribed Miss Fortescue, Harley Street, Caven dish Square." She then gave an ac count of the money it contained.

Mrs. Macauley joyfully ran to pro duce the purse. "Here, my dea girl," said she: "I am happy, indeed in restoring this to you: pray, do you know Miss Fortescue?"—"No, Ma-

am," replied Miss Bennet; "but, las! I know her father but too well: t is he who is the cause of exiling me rom that country I wished to pass my lays in,—a country which he tells me s my native one; I know not, but I hink it is not: I have strange, con-fused and clouded remembrances be-fore me of my past life and my days of nfancy: I have a testimony in my pos-session that my reason is sound, but everal years must elapse before I know hat or who I am. I have toiled at ıy needle here, and have been enabled, ırough dint of industry, to make a to-ırable genteel appearance, but I never, fter I was clothed, have been able to ıll one *louis* my own; as much as rer I could do, with my scanty allow-ıce, to procure myself descent habili-ents. Madame Merchon is very kind

to me, but she is a woman of quit common mind. I began, however, be, in some degree, satisfied with lot, till your arrival here; and wh you frequently called at Madame M chon's, to order different articles of dr your sweet soothings, the kind inter which shone in your eyes for me, a the amiable manner in which you ways addressed me, again made heart yearn after that country whi gave you birth. Who, I would son times say to myself, who has power exile me from the place I choose dwell in? I am the child of povert and, if born to toil, where does it m ter that I obtain subsistence? Still could not save up money sufficient take a voyage to England: this for nate recovery of my purse will ena me; and, quitting this country, I w

patiently await my fate; and I will see, if I cannot unfathom the mystery which hangs over me."

"You shall go with us," said Macauley: "I have engaged my passage on board a commodious vessel; I am sure Mrs. Macauley will be happy in so amiable a companion:—will you not, Sophia?"—"You have spoken my wishes," said Mrs. Macauley; "nothing could give me truer pleasure, than to afford this young person every assistance and protection in our power." Miss Bennet willingly accepted the kind offers of her new friends, and it was agreed that she should accompany them to England.

"I think," said Mrs. Macauley, before they parted, "I am much obliged

not only to the Goddess Night, but also to a handsome young Turk, for our present departure for England."

"I took the disguise of a Turk in the former part of the evening," said Miss Bennet; "but your rooms were so crowded, that I found it would not do; and, after your supper, when your company began to depart, I thought best to warn you under the covert of Night. The General of Division lodges at Madame Merchon's, and he is so infatuated with the charms of her neice, Mademoiselle Annette, that he is unable to conceal even the most important state secrets from her. His Annette seems to him a second soul, which is entitled to share every thought of his own. This young lady and myself had agreed on our disguises, in which

we meant to show ourselves in a few different houses where we are acquainted. As we were consulting over this important affair, her lover entered her apartment. I immediately retired into the next room, and which being separated only by a *cloison,* I could distinctly hear all he said to her. He told her, as a matter of important confidence, that he had received letters from the minister of war to the effect I told you; three of these he read aloud, and one was signed CITIZEN BUONAPARTE: I therefore knew a war was inevitable.

"When Mademoiselle Annette's lover took his leave, I feigned a slight indisposition. She accepted my excuses for not accompanying her in the proposed visits, but I told her that, if I felt my-

self better, I should certainly disguise myself, and go out in the course of the evening. As she had promised to join some other friends the former part of the evening, and as the General had engaged her afterwards, for the masquerade at the Opera-house, I got rid of her for the night: I then hired the Turkish dress from a warehouse, carefully avoiding wearing any thing that belonged to myself. Finding that scheme fail, I returned the Turkish habit, and at another warehouse hired that of Night. In the afternoon of Ash Wednesday, they all observed how completely I must have disguised myself; for though I was out all the evening, no one had met and recognized me! I let them wonder and guess, until I had formed in my fancy some nonsensical and grotesque mask

which highly diverted them. Had there been a suspicion in Mademoiselle Antoinette's breast, that I had overheard the secret, and had divulged it, full of fear she would have consulted her lover, with her usual exclamation of "*Oh! what shall I do?*" He would have reported me to the prefect, and, no doubt, I should have been imprisoned on some pretext or another."

In a few days after this conversation, Mr. and Mrs. Macauley, accompanied by Miss Bennet, quitted France for England, and, in the course of her voyage, Melinda thus related all she knew of her history.

"My ideas are very confused of who I was, or to whom I belonged, till I had attained the age of twelve

years; at which period of my l
awaked, as from a raging fever,
kind of debilitated calm and res
recollection; when a man in yea
a mild, though, as I have since tho
of an hypocritical countenance,
proached me, and said to me, "T
heaven! Melinda, that you are
safely recovered from the alar
fever which had seized your bra
I mechanically put my hand to
head; I found it felt bare, I was
in my own mind I had once a pr
head of hair:—"yes, my dear,"
he, "it was necessary to shave
head, in order to apply the bl
which, with the blessing of Provid
has saved your life."—"Have
Sir," said I, "heard any thing o
mother?"—"Your mother!" said
"poor child! I see your reason

anders; poor unfortunate creature!" —"Sir," said I," I am sure my mother placed me under your care. Are not you my good friend, Mr. Fortescue?" —"Yes," replied he, "I am Mr. Fortescue; and I wish to be your friend, but I believe you never saw me before, for your unhappy, guilty mother dropped you at the gate of the Foundling Hospital, when you was an helpless infant: from that charitable asylum you found means to escape in the rage of a brain fever, and I found you running distracted in the street; I have taken you to my home, and I will never forsake you." I forgot to mention that this scene took place at a desolate country seat belonging to Mr. Fortescue, where he was enabled, from its solitude, and from his holding the direst character in the world, to escape

detection, or even the slightest s
however vile or fraudulent m
his actions.

"As soon," continued he, "
you sufficiently restored to t
journey, you shall accompany
London, and remain at my tow
till my daughter comes from
In the mean time, as your bra
very weak, you must be kept
this back room, and see nob
your nurse and myself: talk
much, nor, on any account,
the window." I heard all i
silence; I knew not what to t
strange, unconnected ideas fl
my brain; and the hypocrite
ready made me fancy my sens
indeed deranged.

"After he had left me to myself, now, thought I, I will be convinced if I really am the person I imagine myself to be, or if I am what this Mr. Fortescue tells me. I forcibly recollected a circumstance which occurred in the commencement of my illness: I rose, with difficulty, from my bed, and carefully wrapped up in an old gown which I had discontinued to wear, I found the object of my search: this was some writing in my mother's native language, which she charged me not to open until I had attained the age of one and twenty years: this, the German language, I had entirely forgotten; indeed, I might be said scarce ever to have known it. I was brought up and educated in England, and my mother, at least her I had always fancied

to be my mother, conversed with me in French.

"Finding this writing where I had remembered to have put it, seemed to solve my doubts; but I had sense enough to keep my mind to myself; and I crawled feebly back to my bed. Soon after entered my nurse."

The reader will easily perceive that the young Melinda was the neice of Count Mellendorf, who, though his sister did not expire of the indisposition she experienced, when she delivered the writing to her daughter, fell shortly into a relapse, of which she died, appointing Mr. Fortescue her executor; but with her brother, the Count, no correspondence had been kept up for some years, neither did

e knew of his being in England.
s it always gave him pain to speak
his sister's marriage, it was a topic
which he had never conversed with
eMacauleys; they, therefore, ignorant
every circumstance of it, suffered
eir interesting *protegée* to continue
r narrative without interruption.

" The nurse, I was confident in
y own mind, I had never seen before;
e began, in a whining tone, turning
her eyes, and thanking the bles-
l Lord, for having made such a
an, as her dear, religious master,
o had rescued a poor, innocent
ung thing, like myself, from begga-
and the power of Satan: she hoped
e Lord would soon grant me health
d strength to become useful in the
nily, and she was sure Mr. Fortes-

cue would never let me want for any thing.

"I found he had just taken a new house in town; he had never lived in London before; his residence near the metropolis had been at Kensington, and he used to ride every morning to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, and return in the evening. I was therefore unknown in London; and when I had recovered my health, I was grown very tall and thin; and though now blooming with uninterrupted health, I was then very pale.

"I was clothed in a coarse stuff gown and a checked apron, and made to assist in all the household concern which were not laborious; and I worked at my needle, under the care of the

l nurse, whom he took to be his town use-keeper. She was continually exling his kindness, and I should have ught him good if all they told me l been true; but my ideas were con-ed; I knew I had been out of my es; I might be so still, perhaps, at es, but then that paper! which I told to conceal, and which I had carefully concealed from detection, ished all ideas of any other mother her who had given me the paper. was a beautiful young woman who k leave of me at the grate of her nery, where I had been to see her, to which place I remember to have elled through a vast extent of coun-

I recollected, too, that when she e me this paper, she was very ill, requested me not to open it, till I attained my twenty-first year.

When I left England for France, M
Fortescue told me I was seventeen, a
that my name was Melinda Benne
but I am sure Bennet was not the nam
of the lady who called herself m
mother."

"Will you pardon my interrupti
you," said Mrs. Macauley; "we ha
a particular friend in England, a nol
German, and you say the papers y
possess are written in German characte
I think surely your are authorised,
such peculiar circumstances as you
to open these papers, which may be
you of the utmost importance:—y
should show them to some person w
could develope their contents, and cl
up the mystery which surrounds yo
—"You shall judge, my dear Madam
continued Melinda.

"When I had attained the age of fifteen, Mr. Fortescue informed me, that his daughter was expected home, and that he should place me for two years with a milliner, that I might be enabled to wait on his daughter, adjust her fashionable appearance, and alter her dresses when requisite; in short, to be her waiting-maid. An inconceivable repugnance and indignation took possession of my breast, which I scarce knew how to conquer: but my better reason soon showed me, that it was much more eligible to live in the house of a man who had shown me, apparently, disinterested protection, than to be thrown on the caprice of strangers; and I was destined to labour for my support, better as the *soubrette* of his daughter, than that of another. I had heard the lady was extremely proud,

but that her heart was good, and that she was never really unjust to any one; this, my destined mistress, I have never yet seen; nor do I believe her father ever meant I should, but that he purposely sent me out of the way."

"I have seen her," said Mrs. Macauley; "I went to her on account of the purse, finding it contain a card with her address."—"How extraordinary," said Melinda, "that you should take the purse of the poor foundling to her! What sort of a lady is she?"

"Genteel in her figure," replied Mrs. Macauley; "haughty in her manners;—I should say no more of her, had I only seen her once; but Miss Fortescue in her morning dishabille, and Miss Fortescue attired with splen-

our in the evening *costume,* are two ery different persons; the evening *rouge* dds lustre to a pair of brilliant eyes, hich evince something of a noble andour, such as you have described er to possess: her large fortune, with the graces of her person, tempts the surrounding *beaux* to utter those pleasing, little nothings, which we are one of us offended at; and then the miles and animation of Miss Fortescue are wonderfully embellished by the display of a fine set of teeth and captivating dimples: but she seems a slave to Fashion, which fickle goddess is too often apt to vitiate the minds of her votaries."

"I have reason," said Melinda, to think Miss Fortescue what you ay, from the general voice of rumour;

and I also formed a more favourable opinion of her, from her father's extraordinary conduct, which caused me to go to France."

"My two years being expired with Mrs. Morrison, the milliner, he came in great and almost breathless joy, to inform me, that there was a cessation of hostilities between France and England; "and now," said he, "shaking hands with me in a very friendly manner, your fortune, my little girl, is made: at Madame Merchon's, a French milliner at Caen, they want very much a smart English girl of taste, who can give them a few caps and trimmings a *l'Angloise.*" This appeared to me astonishing, that the French should seek fashions from us; but when I reflected on the caprice of

fashion, that English ladies have worn necklaces, the red beads of which were called Marat's blood; the turbans *a la negresse*, and the Laplander's bonnet; that the most delicate of the Gallic fair ones would suspend round their necks a miniature guillotine; we, then, who have so long ago immerged from barbarism, may be allowed to disseminate our fashions through Europe.

"I found the French, on my arrival, infatuated with English fashions; so that Mr. Fortescue's veracity would never have been doubted, did not my disturbed recollection continually place my mother before my eyes—did I not often hold the real paper she gave me, as often kiss the seals, and bedew the superscription with my tears.

"I recollected a worthy gentlema
of the law, with whom Mr. Fortesc
was once on amicable terms, but th
for some time a coolness had take
place between them; I resolved to co
sult him, for I had half-a-guinea i
my possession, which I could call m
own: Mrs. Morrison, who was reall
a good woman, had given it me, fo
sitting up all night to work before th
King's birth-day: I asked her pe
mission, one afternoon, to let me g
out; and I went to consult the lawye
He charged me, for the present, to kee
this affair sacred within my own an
his breast; but shook his head, an
said, it seemed a very dark busines
he told me to guard my papers wit
the most vigilant care. He wished, I
said, that I had consulted some oth
person; he liked not to act in any w

against Mr. Fortescue, because they were at variance, and it might look like personal pique: "above all things," said he, "let me counsel you not to break the seals till the time your mother allotted for their developement." —"Oh! then," said I, "Sir, you say she *was* my mother!" He smiled at my energy, and said nothing—his is a cautious profession.—"My good girl," said he, "if such was the charge given you, and you seem very clear in your artless tale, you will, I am sure, see that by strictly attending to that charge, you obviate every blame that might, in future, through any quirks of the law, attach itself to your conduct. God knows what iniquitous proceedings may then be developed!"

"He wished me to leave the papers

with him: "No" said I, pressing them to my lips and bosom, "my mother charged me never to part with them."

"I now offered him his fee: he laughed, and good humouredly putting my hand back, said "No, no, my dear young lady, if I can do you any service, I shall think myself amply repaid." I told him of my projected voyage:— "let me see you," said he, "before you go; be assured I am much interested in your welfare." I took my leave, penetrated with his gentlemanlike conduct, and with a respect and politeness to which I had long been a stranger, he waited on me to the door.

"I do not think the clock had struck eight the next morning, before an hackney-coach stopped at the door of Mrs.

Morrison, and out of it stepped Mr. Fortescue and the old housekeeper, who had attended me at his country house as nurse, when I was ill.

"I am come, Melinda," said he, almost breathless, "to inform you, you must set off for Southampton this very afternoon in the mail coach: I have obtained a passport and letters of recommendation for you, to Madame Merchon; I do not know her myself."

"And may I not," said I, "before my departure, be permitted to see Miss Fortescue?"—"No, no," said he, hesitating, "that will be impossible—she—she—is gone out of town." The old woman gave him a look, and shrugged her shoulders. I thought she

seemed to regard me with pity—
advanced towards me; and I fanc
I saw a tear start to her eye.—" W
you are as great a fool as Maria," s
he; " she is always wimpering, w
her fine feelings. I assure you
daughter," continued he, " wished v
much, and teized me very often, to
the girl I told her I had found."
" And why, Sir, would you not all
it?" I ventured to ask," but suf
me to stay in England one day long
and perhaps Miss Fortescue may
turn to town."—" Impossible! imp
sible!" said he, " you will lose t
packet. I shall pay your journey, a
here are four guineas for you. G
bless you!"—and his tongue falte
as he uttered the pious wish, wh
the housekeeper gave him a look wh

made him cast down his eyes. The idea of money again raised his spirits:—"You will make your fortune," said he, "in France. Come, I must depart."—"God protect you, poor child!" said the old housekeeper, with fervour. "Come along, you fool," said Fortescue:—"get yourself ready, Melinda, I shall call for you in the evening, and pay your fare in the mail."

"I now began to set about arranging my clothes with all possible dispatch. I purchased a few trifles, which reduced my purse to the state you found it; and I was so ignorant about money, that I thought a pound note was just as valuable in France as in England.

"I called on my worthy friend, the

lawyer. The dear old gentleman l
ly shook hands with me, into w
he generously slipped two guinea
questing me to purchase somethi
memory of a friend who was muc
terested in my welfare: he bad
be comforted, and trust to the
tain testimonies of time and t
to put me in possession of my
rights, which seemed to strike o
mind, that Fortescue had got po
sion of: he took my future ad
at Madame Merchon's, and ass
me he would, during my abs
be vigilant in his endeavours to
out the fortunes of Fortescue;
though he had been many years
rich, yet his practice was rathe
clining; and he must have acq
great wealth to live in his pr
splendour.

I left my venerable friend with the
t lively sensations of gratitude, de-
ining to purchase some token of
mbrance on his account. I bought
ght gold chain for my neck, a
which I much wanted, and the
purse you found; and having yet
ours before the mail should set
got it engraved, as you found it,
ad only the initial put on it of a
that, I never can be persuaded,
own.

found Mr. Fortescue waiting for
n my return, seemingly in an
ed state; I believe he thought I
nade my escape: he scolded me
ing absent; and desired to know
e I had been? I told him to pur-
some trifles I stood in need of;
as satisfied; but never gave him-

self the least trouble to inform an help less young creature, that her paper money would be of little use to her in a foreign country. He waited with the most anxious impatience for the hour when the mail should be near going; and then hurrying me into a hackney-coach, he paid that, and the whole of my fare to Southampton.

"I had, I suppose, laid my purse down beside me, on the seat with my pocket handkerchief, and it had fallen into the corner; partly under the seat unperceived by me. I had, from the first demands of the guard and coach man, taken out a few loose shillings and put them purposely in my pocket to satisfy all such similar demands; therefore I never discovered the loss of all the riches I was worth till some

time after I had been on board the packet.

"From that indisposition so common to those unaccustomed to the sea, I had been compelled to lie down in the cabin, and finding myself alone, and something better for a short repose, I searched my pockets, to find my purse, and count over the little treasure I was in possession of; it seemed much to me at that time, so long had I been totally bereft of money; and yet I seemed to recollect that, at one period of my past life, I had expended more at a time in toys and childish gratifications.—I was dizzy with the motion of the ship —perhaps, reflected I, I am deranged— and, I am sure, my dear friends, it is not a difficult thing to persuade a young mind into a belief of madness.

"I digress; my purse I found wa gone, still I thought it might hav fallen somewhere amongst the bed clothes: I did not yet despair of findi ing it: agitation and fear gave me strength; I got up, searching every place in my birth, and shaking every separate covering of the bed more than twenty times; and then sat down in an agony of despair, when I found my loss irretrievable: I cried, as if my heart would break; we began to see France very plain, and I had not a shilling left in my pocket, to pay my voyage.

"The captain had been formerly a sailor on board a man of war, and had imbibed, amongst his brother tars, that fixed generosity of soul and principl for which they are ever famous. H

ne to me, with much good nature;—
Why, what is the matter, my pretty
s; cheer up, my good girl! if you
ve parted with dear friends in Eng-
d, why you are not very far from
em; you may soon take a trip to see
em."—"Oh!" said I, "it is not that,"
d then, with many tears, I told him of
y loss; adding, that I knew not what
uld become of me.

"Why, do not let that distress you,"
d he; "I shall be proud of doing
u the service to take you over for
hing: I have daughters of my own,
ut your age, and I hope every honest
low will be willing to help them
en they stand in need of their assist-
e. Come, come, keep up your spi-
, Miss, you shall want for nothing
e; I am only grieved that I am curs-

ed poor, and that I can do no m
you."

"The honest man now really b
to me with infinitely more respe
he had done before; he did all
power to afford me comfort, an
he had friends at Havre to wh
could recommend me, and wh
doubted not, would send me
Madame Merchon's.

"When we landed, he took
tolerable, genteel looking *hot*
the landlady, to whom he whi
took me by the hand, and w
most bewitching smile and insi
manners, which well bred l
women possess in so eminent a
she welcomed me to France. S
ted me to honour her, by partal

her table and her house gratis, till I could hear from my English friends, or be conveyed to Madame Merchon's; who, she told me, gave very handsome pay to those young people she employed.

"The *ci-devant* Marquis de Permont used often to come in after dinner, while we were taking our coffee; he heard my story from the mistress of the hotel; he offered me his own carriage to transport me to Caen; but I had penetration sufficient to see there was too much gallantry in the behaviour of the Marquis towards me, to accept his proposal.

"He came one day, accompanied by a respectable looking old gentleman, whom I found to be his uncle: he had, before the revolution, enjoyed a consi-

derable employment at court; and with his lady, by affecting indigence, they had contrived to conceal their immense riches, in a recess in their country house, which enabled them to do that good to many sufferers, during that disastrous period, which the truly generous hearts of Monsieur and Madame Beaunoir so much delighted in. Madam pretended to be ruined in her fortunes; she was always fond of, and particularly excelled in the art of making flowers, to imitate nature: she went to the houses of the *nouveaux riches*, to solicit employment; obtained it; for the new raised ladies, rioting in wealth, profusely gave her all she asked: she thus enlarged her power of doing good to others, and escaped suspicion; while her husband walked about in an old coat, and employed

himself as a kind of mercantile assistant: by degrees, they let their fortune show itself to be ameliorated; and they are now, incontestably, the richest people in Normandy.

"Monsieur Beaunoir did not appear pleased with his nephew's pointed attentions towards me; who, it seems, was already married. He sent him on some trifling pretext to his aunt, and then requested a few minutes' conversation with me: I found him then, what I have ever since found him, and his amiable wife, zealous, kind, and truly disinterested friends: he bade me beware of his nephew:—"Young men, now," said he," make no scruple of, but rather glory in the seduction of helpless innocence, as if it could redound to their honour to deceive the

unwary and credulous. Th
no situation for a young, u
female like you: the charac
good woman who keeps th
very fair, but the principle
of my country women are
relaxed. I wish, while they
fashions of the amiable isl
England, they would imitat
the education of their daugh

"My nephew has spoken
you; he has related your st
but he takes too lively an i
your fate; for he cannot
honourable proposals. Pe
with a father's privilege, to
expense of your journey fron
Caen; and I will also give y
to Madame Merchon. We
to stay a few days at Rouen,

nephew resides. I wish you to go during his absence: set off, then, to-morrow; I have a house at Caen, which I shall soon go to. I would not wish you to act contrary to the plan of life your friends have chalked out for you; but remember, that if ever you find your situation at Madame Merchon's either disagreeable or dangerous, you have ever a home you may consider as your own, under my roof."

"The most benevolent and best of women, Madame Beaunoir, called on me the next morning, before she set off to Rouen; and every thing being settled by her bountiful husband, to the satisfaction of my amiable landlady, to whom he did not choose I should lay under obligations, I set off in the

packet boat for Harfleur, and from thence to Caen, the next day.

"Madame Merchon received me kindly; her manners and person did not prepossess me in her favour: she paid me a stipulated sum, regularly, once a month; her table was plentifully supplied, to a degree of coarse profusion; her fame was established, and she was rich, from her numerous customers, who, careless as herself, allowed her to fix what price she pleased on her fashionable articles: she spoke with much approbation on my person and taste, and expressed herself with more energy in my favour, than so cold and listless a disposition seemed capable of. There was such an indolence about her, that it afforded some comfort to her young people, because she never gave

the trouble to find fault: the
maid might be continually em-
about our washing; for as long
herself wanted for nothing, she
not if we put on two white
in one day; and when she gave
prentices holidays, she never
ow late they came home, or if
ayed a day beyond the time
otted them; while her niece,
oiselle Annette, though ex-
pretty, was allowed to be
ftener in the General's apartment,
the *sale aux modes,* and to be
1 him at all hours. As she is a
s, prudent girl, and he really
r, I have no doubt but he will
ıer; but she will not have her
ent aunt to thank for her good

"Nothing material happened during my stay in this way of life, so replete with sameness, but the death of my dear and valued friend, Madame Beaunoir, who expired suddenly in her garden: the effect this had on the excellent M. Beaunoir, it was thought, would cost him his life. For above thirty years they had lived together in that delightful harmony, which is known to so few in the married state, especially in France, where those of the rank of Monsieur and Madame Beaunoir live, in general, as perfect strangers to each other.

"I wrote several letters to Mr. Fortescue, but I never received any answer; and, with my purse, I had lost Miss Fortescue's direction, who resides entirely in Harley Street, of which I had

gotten the name; the old gentleman rchased that house for her, on her ival in England, furnished it elegant- sold his own town house, and resides irely at Kensington.

And now, my kind friends, you have rd all I know of my own litle histo- : do not imagine I mean to take ad- itage of your kindness, and become a rthen unto you—no,—never! I will d out Miss Fortescue; I have been en told she possesses an excellent irt; she shall know my story: I st endeavour to clear up this myste- which attaches itself to me; and no shall even oblige me again to quit gland without my own wish.

"And while," said Macauley, "you ll deign to accept of the little we

can bestow, '*you shall eat of our own bread, and drink of our own cup,*' and never quit us, with our consent."—Melinda smiled, dropped a grateful tear, and negatively shook her head.—"At least," said Mrs. Macauley, "you will stay with us a few days, to repose from your fatigues; and we will introduce you to a few valued friends, some wiser heads than ours, and who can afford you better advice how you ought to act."

To this last proposal Melinda consented, and they were soon established in comfortable lodgings, near London. Hither repaired, as soon as possible, their unchanging, constant, and tried friend, Count Mellendorf. The stranger was introduced to him; he uttered an exclamation of surprise and agitation; he gazed with wonder on Melinda;

ear stood in his eye,—at length, re-
ering himself, he said, " Forgive,
adam, my apparent rudeness; you
emble so much a dear relation
nce had, that I could almost fancy
e now stood before me."

In the course of the evening's con-
sation, Macauley said, " My dear
liss Bennet, will you show Count
lellendorf the superscription on your
aled packet." Melinda presented it
the Count; it was written round
seals, and was so very small, that
e characters were totally inexplicable,
aless to some great proficient in the
erman language:—but the Count
ell knew them; he had been accus-
med to receive this diminutive writ-
g amidst nosegays and other articles
hich could not be suspected, when

his sister's husband had forbidd
correspondence with her *heretic*
mily;—and with the most heart-
emotions, the Count now read,
will of Dorothea Amelia Kier
to be opened by my beloved dau
Sophia Melinda Kiermitz, on th
she shall have attained her twent
year, or, if it is possible, that
distress might overtake her befor
period arrives, the original wi
English, is in the possession o
faithful friend Edward Fortescue
of Lincoln's Inn."—"Oh! my b
niece! dear image of my sainte
ter!" said Mellendorf; "come
arms of him who is now your
protector, and who will not only
you from every want, but will se
put in possession of what is so
your own!—I received accou

your mother's death a short time before I read of your own in the newspapers; —I found she had a daughter in England; but her death happened rather suddenly, and she had not informed those who told me of her death, where, or under whose care, you was placed. I knew Fortescue had transacted business for our family, but he was a man I never liked; and I put off from day to day inquiring after you, till one morning I read that you had died of a raging fever in the brain, at the country seat of Edward Fortescue, Esq. about a hundred and sixty-five miles from London. It was told in a paragraph of a most pompous style, describing your beauty and wonderful accomplishments for your early years. I called at Fortescue's chambers in Lincoln's Inn—he insisted on my ac-

companying him to Doctors' Commons: he there showed me your mother's will, wherein your immense fortune, in case of survivorship, if you died unmarried, was to devolve to his daughter; two hundred pounds to the convent she died in, which, he assured me, he had remitted, and one hundred pounds and a ring to me, which he eagerly paid; and I was glad to get away from him, for there was so much hypocrisy and trepidation in his manner, which utterly disgusted me, though it by no means excited my suspicion. I shall now put this business into the hands of my lawyer, without delay."

"And I hope that villain Fortescue will soon be hanged!" said Macauley, with his usual impetuosity.—"Not so fast, my worthy friend," said Mellen-

dorf, smiling, "the business will have to go through a great deal of form and investigation before it can be finally proved."—"Indeed," said Melinda, "in calling Fortescue a villain, my kind benefactor, Captain Macauley, has uttered no more than I can prove." She then gave her uncle a brief account of her illness, and of her being compelled by Mr. Fortescue to go to France. Mellendorf could scarce repress his indignation while she went through the recital of her little difficulties and distresses: he loved the Macauley's friendly hearts better than ever; he doubly estimated their worth; he embraced Mrs. Macauley, he pressed his niece to his bosom, and cordially shook hands with his veteran friend. The scene was silent, the tongue refused its office, but the heart

said much, and overflowed in the melting language of tears.

The next morning a visitor was announced at a very early hour, before either of the ladies had quitted their chambers. It was Count Mellendorf; something unusual, and replete with intelligence, sat on his brow; his appearance created universal surprise, as he was seldom known to quit his lodgings in a morning till after twelve o'clock. He now held a newspaper in his hand, from which he read the following advertisement.

"If any one can give information of a young person, about nineteen years of age, and who was called in England by the name of Melinda Bennet, they are earnestly and humbly re-

ested to apply to No. 14, Armitage eet, Wapping."

The Count, with his usual jocularity, uld not forbear laughing. "A very etty place, my little niece, have they nt from, to obtain information of ou," said he: "I think we shall there nd the good fellow who took you over the packet to Havre; he thinks you, dare say, very pretty and very poor; d perhaps he is become a widower, d wishes to offer you his hand: how- er, we will lay jesting aside, and you ill accompany me to this elegant part the town."

After partaking of an hasty break- t, at which the uncle and his niece re too much agitated to do credit; they took a coach, and repaired to

Wapping: they were told, on t
arrival at No. 14, that a sick
woman wished to speak with a
Bennet, if she called; for she fa
she had seen her, a few days before
out of a post-chaise, in company
a gentleman and a lady. The w
of the house asked Melinda if her
was Bennet? "My name," re
Melinda, "*was* Bennet."—"Oh!
dam, I suppose, then, you are mar
and that this is your spouse!"
Count and Melinda smiled at
other, which the woman construed
an affirmation.

"Pray Madam," said she, "
you marked on the left shoulder
a strawberry?"—"I am," said
linda.—"Fortunate confirmati
said the Count; "how well I ren

ber that circumstance at your birth." —"Oh! dear Madam, you are the lady, no doubt; pray come up stairs, and comfort the poor desponding creature, who his sick there." Melinda followed her up two pair of narrow, dirty stairs, and, stretched on a bed, she beheld the haggard form and countenance of the old housekeeper of Mr. Fortescue.

We will pass over her tears, her penitential lamentations, and the scene of iniquity she laid open, in which she was very prolix: it is sufficient to say, that she had been the sole *confidante* of Mr. Fortescue, in his plans of securing the fortune of Mademoiselle Kiermitz for his daughter, as Madame Kiermitz had bequeathed, in case of her survivorship. Miss Fortescue in-

nocently enjoyed the fortune of a young lady she had never seen, and whom she really imagined to be dead. A violent fever which attacked the brain of Melinda, soon after her mother's death, tempted him, in concurrence with his female agent, who was her nurse, to invent the tale of Mademoiselle's death.

In the commencement of her illness, before the fever seized her head, Melinda had observed Mr. Fortescue busily employed in rifling her papers in the *secretaire* which stood in her chamber; but a private drawer, in which was the packet her mother gave her, had escaped his observation: the moment he quitted the chamber, she was fearful of another investigation, and wrapped the papers carefully up, in

the folds of an old gown, and put it under some of her other clothes, which she knew she should not want, and locked up the drawer.

For the sake of one hundred pounds, being appointed housekeeper to Mr. Fortescue, and his getting her son a place in the Excise, the old nurse promised to keep the secret, and persuade Mademoiselle Kiermitz, if possible, out of her very name and existence, if she recovered; but he thought it better to let her retain that of Melinda, to prevent any *eclat* on that head; as he was sure she would persist in that being her real name:—villainy is generally sure of committing itself by some means or other.—The nurse dreaded the testimony of the mark on Melinda's shoulder; but that had never been

thought of till the time of the nurse's confession.

The Count now sent for the worthy lawyer who had shown attention to his charming niece, when unprotected and friendless; and they were taking proper steps to prosecute Fortescue, when he came forward and acknowledged his guilt, casting himself on the mercy of the generous Mellendorf, and refunded the whole of Melinda's fortune.

Having formerly acquired by his profession a comfortable fortune, and ashamed to remain in his native country, he quitted it, with his daughter, for America. To Miss Fortescue, who was truly innocent of this heinous crime, of defrauding Melinda, the Count generously presented two thou-

and pounds; and she took her leave of Melinda, with many tears and supplications for pardon; though every one knew her to be entirely free from blame in the affair. The interesting Melinda was soon after her residence with her worthy uncle, married to a young man of fortune, and who was an ornament to the circles of fashion, by the elegance of his manners, his virtues, and high accomplishments.

Macauley and his wife still loved travelling, and frequently changed their habitation; the Count and their intimate friends hailed them always as THE WANDERERS; but they remained unchanged in their sentiments of friendship towards the worthy Mellendorf and his lovely niece, whose grati-

tude for their disinterested kindnes
merly shown to her, she took
occasion of evincing.

Miss Eloisa Penruddock had
visionary lovers, but was yet sin
still, however, flattering herself
the Marquis D'Elcour, though he
long ceased to correspond with
was remaining a bachelor for her sa
the truth is, the distance he was
moved from her, with his continu
seeing other females so superior,
banished the romantic passion from
breast, which he had fancied to be l
and verging on fast towards the
tumn of life, the diffidence he had
felt of his own personal attractions
creased, and prevented his addres
a woman of merit and fortune: wi

out the former, the latter qualification was to him no charm; yet his own narrow circumstances prevented his wedding any one for unportioned worth or endowments alone.

TALE THE FOURTH.

ALMEYDA.

THE Castle of Almeyda, situated in a fertile part of Portugal, had proudly stood, for many centuries, in gothic magnificence, as if bidding defiance to time and decay; till the former all-subduing power, together with long inhabitation, threatened, in appearance, its utter downfall in a very short period of time.

The castle was flanked with towers, the greatest part of which remained entire; all of them overhung with ivy, where bats and owls built their nests.

The ancient chapel still retained its beauty, and appeared fresher than the rest of the building; as if, in reverence to Him to whose worship it was consecrated; but the present owner not being rich enough to keep a chaplain, his family went to the parish church, and the chapel was shut up.

Don Ambrosio D'Almeyda, to whom this castle belonged, was the last remaining branch of his ancient and wealthy family; he was a great traveller, and having visited France, was, in that country, one evening, in imminent danger of losing his life, from the attack of three ruffians, but for the brave and humane interference of a French gentleman, who dispersed the villains, and took the noble Portuguese to his house. Don Ambrosio requested the stranger

to inform him, in what way he could be serviceable to him? "I do not feel myself," replied his host, "because I have performed the duties of humanity, in any way authorised to draw upon your kindness and gratitude for assistance. I own to you, that my fortunes are declining, and that a residence in France is becoming painful to me."—"But," interrupted his wife, (a woman whose haughty manners destroyed her resplendent beauty), "believe me, Sir, the man who is my husband, will never be under pecuniary obligations to any one."—"My wife," said the Frenchman, "has spoken my sentiments: but when I am poor, and consequently friendless, will Don Ambrosio D'Almeyda remember him who now addresses him, and grant him and his family an asylum, where we may re-

get at e out our lives?"—"All that power all that affluence can exert for your protection and comfort, generous stranger, believe me, shall be yours;" replied Don Ambrosio, and they parted in mutual admiration of each other: Don Ambrosio, at parting, gave the stranger his address.

In about five years he was surprised by a visit from his kind deliverer: he informed Don Ambrosio, that he had recently lost his wife, and that all his family now consisted of an only daughter, a faithful female servant, and a male domestic, who had refused to leave him: "and I am informed," said he, "Don Ambrosio, that you possess a castle at Almeyda, which has long, very long, been uninhabited; may I be permitted there to seclude myself

from the world, with the wreck of my family?"—"My dear friend, you cannot live in it," said Don Ambrosio, "it is fast mouldering into decay." Valmont, the Frenchman, was, however, well skilled in architecture; he found the building, in many parts, impregnable from the attacks of time for centuries to come, and so earnestly did he plead with Don Ambrosio, that he not only gave him the castle as a temporary habitation, but gave it to him and his survivors for ever.

Valmont and his daughter Cecile, a lovely and interesting girl, about the age of seventeen, with her faithful servant, Marian, and a young man whom Valmont had reared from an orphan infant, had been inmates of the

castle for about three years, when sudden business called Valmont to Oporto.

For the first time in her life, Cecile began to experience a few superstitious terrors: her father had now been absent some time, and she was setting in a gloomy evening in the month of March, when the wind was blowing unusually boisterous for the climate of Portugal, the dread of earthquakes and hurricanes rushed in succession over her ideas, from every door being shaken by the storm, and the pattering hail finding its way through the closed lattices.

Marian entered the apartment, pale, trembling, and continually crossing herself, crying out Jesu Maria at every noise, and this added to the terror of

the youthful Cecile; who, however, rallied her spirits, told Marian to bring in supper, and come and partake of it with her. Highly delighted with her mistress' condescension, the girl began, after supper, with amazing volubility, as she drew her chair as close as she possibly could to her mistress, to relate all the stories she could remember, and they all of the most dreadful kind. Cecile laughed at some, (which shocked Marian,) some terrified her a little; she was young, and her situation solitary; her father's bedchamber was next to her's; he was absent, and Marian slept a great way off. Among other remarkable things the girl related, was her having seen a white figure, like a skeleton, in one of the apartments, and Cecile well remembered that her father, as he was one day viewing the castle

with his daughter, gave a deep
and clapped his hand to his fore
with vehemence, as he passed the
of the apartment that Marian
scribed.

She endeavoured, however, to
the relation of her servant as fanc
she said she had only seen the f
through the door. Cecile recoll
herself, summoned her resolution,
with a faultering voice, told M
to leave her and retire to rest ; sh
obliged to repeat the request, a
attendant had fallen into a prof
sleep.

" How thoughtless I am !"
Cecile, " the poor girl is weary : v
my good Marian," continued
gently shaking her by the shou

Marian, with her usual exclamation of Holy Mary, begged ten thousand pardons, and bidding her young lady good night, the storm having abated, she cheerfully retired to rest.

"How sound is the rest that labour procures!" said Cecile to herself, as she carefully locked her door, and cast a fearful look around her spacious apartment. "Yet I am not idle; and while I add to my domestic occupations the blessing of a cultivated mind, ought I not to be ashamed of superstitious prejudices, fit only for the vulgar and untaught?" She then trimmed her lamp, and endeavoured by light to cheer the gloom of her chamber; and her mind being, in some degree, tranquillised, after imploring the protection of heaven, she prepared herself for rest.

Taking from her neck her father's picture, she contemplated it in deep reflection. "How sad, how thoughtful!" said she: "what care sits on that brow! and how seldom is the dear original really cheerful! Let me place thy image near my head, dear, respected, best and kindest of parents:—taught by thy example, let me resign myself to repose, and early in the morning, if permitted to wake on another day, bless heaven for having given me such a parent!" As she uttered these last words, she was preparing to hang the portrait over a cornice at the head of her bed, when the chain by which it depended slipped from her hand, and the weight of the picture caused it to fall behind the bed. When she crept under to recover it, she found the frame of the bed was so close to the

ungings, that it impeded its fall to the round, and that it was totally out f her reach. She tried the utmost efforts of her strength to move it; but all was in vain, and she had nothing left to do, but to go and implore the assistance of Marian: she awakened her, and intreated her to follow to her chamber. "Now, Marian," said she, "you must join your efforts with mine to move this bedstead."

"Jesu forbid!" exclaimed Marian; "I would not move it for any thing this world could give: my mother made me promise, on her death-bed, I would never let any one see that picture without an express order from the Baron."—"What Baron? and what picture are you talking of?" said Cecile. "Oh! bless me," replied Marian, "I

declare I am almost asleep: by
know my poor mother, Madem
came to see me, and died in th
rible old castle,—well, Madem
it is very strange, but my m
grandmother lived servant at th
same old castle,—that was long
either you or I were born; a
mother told me something about
ture, and that the bed must
moved till some particular tim
I do believe thereby hangs some
ful story."

"Dreadful story!" repeated
trembling; when recollecting h
and being ashamed her servant
witness her fears, she sighed an
her, she had then done with he
wished her a good night.

The next morning she recollected, that she had to send Marian a few miles off, and as the gardens were extensive, Juan, the gardener, might be employed at some distance from the castle; and she was determined, when left alone, to use her utmost exertions to remove her bedstead,—no easy task, as it was fixed in an alcove. In spite of all her nobility of mind, in spite of all her virtuous principles and innate sense of rectitude, curiosity triumphed over all.

Her fears had vanished with the gloom of night, to which succeeded a most beautiful spring day, much more mild and warm than could be expected from the preceding evening; the sun shed its bright rays round her chamber, and diffused gaiety upon those objects

which, some hours before, bore to h
disordered fancy a terrific appearanc

She dispatched her breakfast
haste; and then sending Marian to t
neighbouring town, began her labo
ous task; but all in vain; the hea
stately bed still mocked her utmost e
forts. "Surely," thought she, "the g
dener knows nothing of this injunctio
let me but find my father's picture, m
curiosity shall go no farther; and wh
indeed can gratify it but removing th
bedstead? Juan must be ignorant
this prohibition; he will implicitly ob
my commands, and depart witho
further inquiry."

The orders of his young mistress
Juan were laws that for worlds
would not transgress, and, to ful

them, duty and inclination went hand in hand. Juan, a stout peasant of Lower Normandy, easily dragged out the bed, when a sudden ringing at the great gate of the castle made him instantly set off to open it, leaving the bed out of its place.

Cecile began her search amongst the hangings, when her eye rested on a green silk curtain, which appeared drawn over something on purpose to conceal it; she drew it to one side, and beheld the picture of a lady of uncommon beauty, in the full bloom of youth. What increased her astonishment was, to see it portrayed in a dress which her father was peculiarly fond of seeing worn by herself; and which had been made by his direction; she thought, also, and yet checked herself for her

vanity, that, lovely as it was, there was in it a great resemblance to herself.

In vain, with restless anxiety, she turned to look for the picture of her father; and her distress at not finding it, was increased by the idea, that he had now returned, and would be for ever offended to find his commands disobeyed. "And ought I thus to disobey them?" thought she, as she hastily drew the curtain over the picture.

Juan now hastily entered, replaced the bed, and told her, her aunt had arrived, was giving some orders to her servant and coming in immediately. Cecile ran forward to meet her; but her mind was agitated to that degree, that it shone conspicuous in her outward address to her suspiciously pene-

trating aunt; and after coldly returning the salute of her lovely niece, she said, "Heavens! girl, why are you thus agitated? yet it is no wonder if you are aukward, so little accustomed as you must naturally be, in your ruinous castle, to converse with those in polished life."

The feelings of Cecile were much wounded; she blushed deeply, and appeared more embarrassed than before; when her aunt, tapping her cheek, said, "Ah! ah! my fair lady, have I caught you? some love affair, I fancy, is lurking in that little heart of yours!"—"Pardon me," said Cecile, "I assure you, Madam, I have hitherto beheld all men with equal indifference."—"Do you think, said Mrs. Godiva Eland, (the aunt of Cecile,) that I would believe

any girl of your deceitful country? you are all so full of your *pardonnez moi*, which, in fact, implies nothing, neither yes or no, if you come to the real sense of it."—"Surely," said Cecile, with great sweetness, " you will allow me a little English sincerity in my composition, when my dear mother, your sister, was an English woman."—"Oh yes!" replied Mrs. Godiva, " but you have so much of your father about you."—" But yet you must allow," said Cecile, with sprightliness, " that I cannot be entirely French; and here I shall, I believe, by my long habitation, be metamorphosed into a Portuguese."

Cecile chattered on, but her tongue faltered, and her heart was in a continual flutter, while a smothered sigh found vent as she concluded the last

sentence: her aunt had discovered a secret to her, which till then was unrevealed to her,—the image of one she had seen, now rose with every charming exterior to her fancy, to render itself amiable and attractive.

She was walking, about the close of the preceding autumn, in the grounds belonging to the castle, and reading with deep attention, when, lifting her eyes from her book, she beheld a stranger of a middle age, and of the most noble and elegant appearance, intently gazing on her: with a modest ease, and refined and graceful politeness, he apologised for his intrusion, and hastily withdrew, though frequently turning to look at her; nor could Cecile, though she made the best of her way to the castle, prevent herself from some-

times casting back a look at the stra
ger.

She frequently met him afterward
sometimes he bowed to her, and h
eyes declared all that love, restrain
by purity and adoration, could fee
sometimes he hastily passed her; a
then Cecile was always dejected, wit
out knowing the cause. She had
marked him pale and careless of hi
self for some time; it awakened
interest, but she had persuaded her
it was an interest only pertaining
compassion: but poor Cecile was ind
an object of real compassion; for, c
fident of the stranger being a Por
guese, she dared not, she knew
must never, think of him: true he
addressed her in French, but that
becausehe knew she was a French g

his fine, dark eyes, his noble and martial air all evinced the Portuguese of high birth.

If Portugal was his native country, what was to become of Cecile, if she gave away to the interest he had awakened in her bosom: like another Hannibal, she had been compelled, on her arrival at Almeyda, to take a solemn oath before the altar, not like Hannibal's of enmity, but a firm asseveration, never to marry a Portuguese! O ye parents, why will ye exact such sacrifices from your children?

On that day, when Cecile had witnessed the mental agony of her father, as he passed the mysterious apartment, he took her to the chapel belonging to the castle, and weeping over a marble

urn, near the place where the high altar once stood, he took her hand, and said, "Here, my child, by the precious reliques which are here entombed, by all the martyred saints in heaven, here swear, and sacredly perform the vow, that you will never unite this hand in marriage with a Portuguese."—"That I can easily promise," said the lively Cecile, "for I do not like them."—"Guard," said her father, with some displeasure on his brow, "against all national prejudices; and rest assured that every country contains its portion of good and bad; but the deep injuries sustained by thy ancestors demand this of me!" Here he paused, and then administered the oath to Cecile, which she willingly took, kneeling on the grave over which was placed the urn, not without some wonder at her father's

mentioning reliques which were there deposited; when she had imagined him, as well as herself, an utter stranger to Almeyda.

So much was Valmont determined Cecile should never wed a Portuguese, that he feared her vow might yet become void, unless taken before the altar of some church, for ever rendered sacred by a continuity of pious masses and other rites of devotion; he therefore feigned a desire to amuse his daughter with a sight of the magnificent city of Lisbon; and where are Romish ceremonies so minutely or so strictly observed?

On their entrance, the superb church of Santa Maria stood open: it was empty; the hours of divine service

were suspended for a short period. Valmont caught the trembling hand of Cecile, and locking her fingers in his, raised them up, in solemn silence, towards heaven; a bleeding Saviour, extended on the cross, met their eyes: "Swear again," said Valmont, "before that sacred image, that you never will unite your fate in marriage to a Portuguese." Her young mind, warmed with enthusiasm, assented to the words that dwelt on her tongue; and the oath thus renewed, the mind of Valmont became tranquil; the dark superstition and bigotry of those times assured him, that his daughter would endure death, accompanied with every torment, sooner than violate so sacred a vow.

So young was the dormant passion yet in the bosom of Cecile, that she

never gave herself the least trouble to find out who the stranger was; and not having seen any thing of him during the winter, her youthful gaiety, her occupations, and a sense of decorum and duty, had made her fancy she had forgotten him, till Mrs. Godiva had proved to her, that her predilection had only slumbered.

Soon after the ladies had taken their supper, Mrs. Godiva complained of the drowsiness she felt in so melancholy a place, and so devoid of every species of amusement, though her charming niece did all she could to render the time agreeable to her.

The best chamber was prepared for her; but Mrs. Godiva would by no means sleep there; the bed might be

damp; she was fearful of catching cold, and nothing was so great an enemy to beauty as a cold: she was going to France, and she did not wish to take with her to the gay city of Paris chopped lips or a sore nose; so she said she would, if Cecile pleased, sleep in Monsieur Valmont's bed;—she seldom honoured him with the appellation of brother, since his loss of fortune.

A little before eleven, Cecile retired to her apartment, to experience another sleepless night: the discovery of the morning, the remembrance her aunt had awakened, both conspired to check her slumbers: at length a pleasing languor took possession of her senses; and love, which, in her gentle bosom, was a pure, refined, and exalted passion, gave a benevolence to her thoughts,

and a philanthropy to the whole race of human kind. "I wish," thought she, "my aunt would let me love her: why is she so unamiable? Ah! does it become me to think so? is she not the sister of my departed mother?" But poor Cecile had experienced, during the life of her mother, but very little of her tenderness; and these, her last reflections, were more the effect of well taught principles strongly recommending filial obedience, than from the genuine feelings of her heart.

She had just fallen into a sleep, in which fancy had brought to her view the form of her incognito, when, about two o'clock in the morning, she was awaked by the arrival of her father.

She dressed herself in haste, and

ran to welcome him, and inform him of the arrival of her aunt; and also that she had occupied his bedchamber. "It is no matter," replied Valmont, "though much fatigued, I will sit up the remainder of the night."—"My dear Sir," said Cecile, "the best bed is well aired; you know the precaution we take of Marian frequently sleeping there, in case of the accidental arrival of a stranger: cannot you, my dear Sir, sleep there for one night?"—"No," said Valmont, with a bitter sigh, "not one moment could I sleep there!"—"Will my dear father," said she, "lie down on my bed?"—"Most willingly," replied he, "if my dear girl thinks she can rest in the other chamber." The words of her father penetrated to the heart of Cecile, but desirous of his going to repose, in

which he seemed much to stand in need, she answered, "Certainly," and taking up a taper, with an appearance of cheerfulness, wished him good night.

Previous to her quitting him, he gave her a gold box, which he never travelled without, desiring her to lock it in the cabinet which stood in the apartment she was going to sleep in. No girl was more free from that curiosity so often and so unjustly imputed to the female sex, in particular, as Cecile; no one so little desirous to inquire into any thing that did not concern her; and her father well knew she was remarkable for that virtue: but now, every incident was become important to her, and worthy of inquiry: after closing her door, and looking around, the awful solemnity of the chamber

made her tremble; there was
and stateliness about it that, she t
ill accorded with their present
stances; the proud armorial bea
the Eland family were paint
each door of the cabinet to wh
father had directed her; qu
with these, were those of Va
She had little skill in heraldr
she now remarked what she ha
done before, that the escutchec
zoned in the windows, and
gloomy tapestry, belonging to th
house of Almeyda, were the s
her father's. She turned again
cabinet; an ancient canopy o
stood over it, and high, black, n
plumes cast on it an hearse-like
ance.

A large crucifix of black ebon

a table; terror, more than devotion, caused Cecile to prostrate herself before it; but before she arose, her mind became more calm, and she took the box from her pocket, to deposit it where her father had requested her: she opened the lid of it, for the first time, and found it contained the picture of a young man, handsome and noble in his appearance, dressed in the ancient Portuguese habit. After looking at it a few minutes, she found some difficulty when she essayed to shut the box. "I am punished," thought she, justly, for my curiosity;" when pressing it hard, she touched a spring, and another part of the lid flew open; it contained the picture of a lady, yet young, but past the age of adolescence: the features, the cast of countenance, the light, auburn hair, evidently repre-

sented the same person as the por
the bedchamber she had recen
covered, though not so bloomi
so young; this was pale,
in deep mourning; an open co
which lay a skeleton, standing l
at the back of the picture was v
in hair, "Poor Cecile! how f
thy mind and form! how sev
misfortunes."

"Good heavens!" said Ce
herself, "has this lovely wom
connection with me? her ba
name is the same with mine:
bear a resemblance to her; else
my father so pleased with my
ance, and yet at the same time
lancholy, when I dress myself l
picture in my chamber?"

The morning now began to dawn ;— with another effort she closed the box; and her interest more than ever awakened, she began to examine the drawers of the cabinet; she found in one, a small paper parcel, on which was written, " this belongs to Cecile Valmont." " Well," thought she, " it can be no transgression to unfold this, as it belongs to me." She found in it a small golden crucifix, enriched with diamonds; and dropping a tear of gratitude over it, she replaced it: " Dear, and respected parent, out of the wreck of your shattered fortune, you were still determined to reserve something of value for your grateful Cecile." A packet of letters next caught her eye, addressed to M. Valmont; and on them, written in her father's hand, " Letters from the Monk

Anselmo to my father." She felt no desire to pry into them; but opening another drawer, a second packet of papers presented itself; and in the same hand writing, and as if recently written, were the following words, "to be delivered to my dear daughter, Cecile, when I am certainly dead." The bare idea of her father's death, made the affectionate girl burst into tears, and precipitately shutting the door of the cabinet, she sat down till the bright rays of the sun darted into the chamber, and dressed as she was, without having laid down, she quitted it with a heavy heart, to prepare the breakfast, and see to her domestic arrangements.

Mrs. Godiva, disgusted with the ancient abode, where simplicity and frugality presided, ordered her horse

o be ready at an early hour.—After aking her amiable hosts wait near an our after the breakfast was ready, she ntered with her usual *hauteur*, with- ut even giving her hand to her worthy rother-in-law, though he rose and resented his, to seat her at the break- ast table.

But it was not in the power of that ride which is engendered by a large, ccumulated fortune, to dash the vir- uous and truly noble Valmont; yet e could scarce forbear a faint smile rom coming over his countenance at his arrogant woman. He inquired fter her health, her connexions and cquaintance in England, with that enuine and easy politeness inseparable rom true breeding, and a thorough nowledge of the manners of the polite

world. Mrs. Godiva answered him with a coldness peculiar to her; yet some looks of compassion did really escape her when she cast her eyes on Cecile, who was indeed an object of pity; her face was the colour of the lilly, her eyes heavy, and devoid of that brilliant animation which was their peculiar character.

During the former part of the meal, Mrs. Godiva had, in an indirect manner, found fault with every thing. She could not endure a breakfast in Portugal: the excellent fruit, gathered by the delicate hands of her niece, she could not touch: the coffee, she must confess, was excellent, though the bread was not to be compared with that of England: but her remarks ceased on a sudden, at perceiving her lovely kins-

woman unable to touch a morsel. "My sweet cousin, Cecile," said she, in a soothing voice, "help me to another cup of coffee, or let your father; you are not able; lie down on the couch."

The anxious father looked on his daughter, and, shocked at her death-like appearance, led her to the chamber: her youth, her excellent constitution, rendered the effects of restlessness of little avail, and she soon fell into a profound sleep. Mrs. Godiva waited till she awoke; she then ostentatiously gave to her favourite Cecile a handsome present, and set forward on her travels, unregretted by the present owner of the castle.

Ethelinda, the late wife of Valmont, and Godiva, were the two sole daughters

of Sir William Eland, a knight renowned for his immense wealth, which he was permitted to enjoy, in peaceful security, under the warlike reign of Edward the Third. Ethelinda loved, but hopelessly loved, the great hero of that day, the renowned Prince Edward: her beauty and fortune, she thought, entitled her to an alliance with her sovereign; but when she found that Edward had wedded the first choice of his heart, her pride and resentment knew no bounds.—The handsome and elegant Valmont arriving soon after in England, in the train of the captive King John of France, he became enamoured of the person and accomplishments of Ethelinda, who feigning a passion she did not feel, to show how little she thought of the Black Prince, her indulgent father consented to her

union with Valmont, then the paragon of French excellence; and she married him, in despite, because the French and Prince Edward had been so lately at enmity.

When arrived in France, her unbounded extravagance soon reduced their circumstances to a state of mediocrity: servant after servant had their dismission, while Madame Valmont was obliged to lay aside all her former splendour and luxury: her pride she retained to the last.

Accomplished as she was, she yet could not, like the philosophic Valmont, draw resources from her acquirements: she knew no want, she experienced no material privations, and she might, if she pleased, have been still happy.

Valmont endeavoured, by every proof of tenderness and affection, to contribute to her content. "Felicity, my Ethelinda," he would say, "consists not in riches or luxury; how often does sickness or lassitude prevent our enjoying the height of prosperity! Say were we more exempt, at that period, from pain, or any of the evils incident to human life, than the peasant who earns his food, and with his labour procures himself an appetite, which gives a relish to his coarse, black bread, and renders it far superior, to his palate, than the rich find in all their most exquisite dainties."

Her good breeding suffered her to hear him in silence; in answer to all he could urge, he either received from her looks of the utmost contempt, or

the short sentences of "how mean, how abject are your ideas!"

It had been the ardent desire of Valmont, from his earliest years, being of a domestic turn of mind, to obtain an English wife; for at that period of time, no English lady of rank thought it beneath her to inspect the affairs of her household. He had passed the age of thirty, before that occasion offered itself; and when he thought his wishes ultimately fulfilled, he found himself cruelly disappointed.

His dearest hopes deceived, he bent all his thoughts to the education of his only child, his darling daughter: to an happy combination of the beauty of both her parents, in which the countenance of the father was most

conspicuous, she united every feminine grace and virtue: many were more striking, few so pleasing: uninterrupted health, vivacity corrected by prudence, made her perfectly contented in her present situation, though it was that of the most humble mediocrity.

Mrs. Godiva Eland was the very reverse of her sister, in respect to personal attractions, but excessively vain of her outward charms. She had been intended, by her mother, for a nun; but Lady Eland dying just before Godiva was to have entered her novitiateship, she prevailed on her easy tempered father, to let her shine in the world; and would frequently exclaim, "How cruel it would have been to bury the charms of a lovely young creature in a nunnery!" Then she

would sigh, look in the glass, smile, and say, "Oh! what a happiness that I was not interred alive!"

To her large fortune Cecile was heir, provided Mrs. Godiva died single; but as she was but just turned of forty, and on the continual look out for a title, it appeared more than probable that Mrs. Godiva would marry; or some needy nobleman might be induced to support an union with her, to meliorate his fortune.

Soon after Mrs Godiva had quitted Elmeyda, the health of Valmont appeared declining: deeply absorbed in thought, he listened with a careless and divided attention to the charms of his daughter's conversation: frequently

half sentences escaped him, oh! why is he possessed of tue?"—"but then my chil

Cecile was frequently left and to her own reflections tual practice of lying down noon on his couch, rendere less in the company of hi than usual. While he was ter dinner, taking this his repose, wearied with occup needle, Cecile attempted piece of drawing, but a kin siness coming over her, ov heat of the day, she arose thunder shower falling, pr from going into the groun thought struck her, that she ble through the different

of the castle, till she should find the way to that room which her father appeared so distressed on passing, before he led her to the chapel to take her vow, and where Marian's imagination had conjured up the skeleton.

She bent her steps towards the chapel; and she perceived, by the outward building, that it was joined to, and most probably had, a communication with the other part of the castle: she drew back the bolts of the door, and entered, shuddering at the sight of the urn, where she had breathed her sacred promise to her father.

She could perceive no door nor entrance into the interior: at length, an heavy grating at the farther end met her eye, totally impossible for her to

unclose; beyond it was a door, apparently of iron.

This was the only outlet except the door through which she had entered. She returned to the castle; and thought she would take one look, by the bright light of day, at the state chamber.

She fancied she discovered there one piece of tapestry very different from the rest, and which appeared to hang loose: she lifted it up, and discovered a door half open; she entered a small dark passage, but resolving to go forward, she did not hesitate; and opened another door, which led into a desolate and wretched chamber. An heavy chain and massy padlock fastened another door on the inside; and thick-barried, iron-grated windows

ted awful and obscured beams of

e went on in silent astonishment;
hilled with terror, she observed
ure, whose starting bones the
carcely covered; its face, which
every appearance of death hasten-
famine, was yet not void of ex-
on and character: it appeared to
mournful and supplicating eye to-
s the door; but as Cecile gazed
, it continued immoveable: she
ired to approach it, and found it,
d, a master-piece of art, com-
l of marble; every sinew, from
h the thin covering of flesh seem-
shrink, were delineated by the
of the skilful statuary: her eyes
rested on a pedestal, on which

[illegible], in ancient French, the [illegible] words.

[illegible] solitary prison, ALPHONSO [illegible] LORD OF ALMEYDA, was [illegible]. O Thou, his law- [illegible] thou beholdest this [illegible] his tragical exit, leave [illegible] to Heaven; but beware of [illegible] thy offspring with any one of [illegible] who now triumph [illegible] of the rights of ALMEY- [illegible] O ye presumptive possessors of [illegible], tremble at the [illegible] of your ancestor's crimes, [illegible] O spare Periando's child, [illegible] Cecile, and her virtuous and faithful husband, her Valmont!"

Cecile, extremely agitated, sunk down beside the affecting image of the

ıte wretched Don Alphonso; when
ıe approach of gentle footsteps roused
:r from her reverie: she essayed to
se, but the hand of her father gent-
pressing hers, compelled her to re-
me her situation, on the rude bench
hich stood near the statue: and
Oh! my child," said he, "how
me you in this dreadful place?"
"Pardon me, father," replied she,
the curiosity that impelled me, on per-
iving the first door that led to this
artment half open, and which urged
e to proceed."

"I visit these apartments," replied
almont, "daily! Would to God
y worthy and intentional benefactor,
ıough the innocent usurper of mine
ıd thy rights, was not so amiable, so
uly possessed of every virtue!"—

"Your rights and mine!" repeate
Cecile. "Oh! tell me all, while I li
ten in silent wonder."—"Know then,'
said Valmont, "that I, alone, am the
lawful Count D'Almeyda; that the in-
jured saint before you, represents your
great grandfather; who had liberty to
bequeath this castle, and the rich es-
tates which Ambrosio now holds, to
any male he pleased, provided he had
no son: he had no child, my Cecile,
but her who was your very image, and
who was my honoured, my beloved
mother; after whom you were bap-
tized. Don Alphonso, whose famished
resemblance is now before us, adopted
for his male heir a young Frenchman,
between whom and my mother was an
indissoluble tie of hearts: and a strange
coincidence of circumstances it was
to Valmont, that the true owner of

this castle was obliged for saving his life, when once in imminent danger; and you have often heard me tell, how I once saved Don Ambrosio, at a time I little imagined he was the usurper of my possessions.

"Periando's wife being dead, and he having no prospect of a future heir, he adopted Valmont; and my mother and the youth being so firmly attached, the Count willingly consented to their union, and thus the Almeyda title and estates were supposed ensured to his family.

"Wealth and title will urge the naturally vicious to attempt the blackest crimes. We sometimes see in the human race, such astonishing resemblances, though of quite different fa-

milies, that strangers are almost p
suaded of their relationship: so it w
between an officer belonging to t
same regiment with my grandfathe
and himself; they were so very muc
alike, that they were frequently mis
taken for each other; and scandal wa
busy with Don Alphonso's father, a
the man was of obscure birth: this
reached the officer's ears, and he began
to fancy, he might in reality be the
spurious child of old Periando, and ac-
cording to the law of nature equally
intitled to his wealth with Don Al-
phonso; at any rate, his resemblance
to the family made him resolve to ob-
tain it, and which he knew he could
easily effect. By the most brutal
force, in the dead of night, aided by
a ruffian, of giant-like strength, he
dragged my grandfather into this

apartment, chained him hands and feet, and he was here literally starved to death. The next morning, dressed in Alphonso's clothes, he presented himself, unsuspected, as the true Periando: he had made himself master of, not only every family transaction, but faithfully copied all the manners and peculiarities of my grandfather. In the mean time, he took care to declare, with well feigned sorrow, that he had lost the valued officer who so much resembled him, he having been torn to pieces in a forest, by a wild beast.

"Nature is quick-sighted; my mother could not be deceived. Valmont knew, and proclaimed the impostor: the deluded vassals were taught to believe him mad; and he was close confined to one apartment in the castle; while

"Your rights and mine!" repeated Cecile. "Oh! tell me all, while I listen in silent wonder."—"Know then," said Valmont, "that I, alone, am the lawful Count D'Almeyda; that the injured saint before you, represents your great grandfather; who had liberty to bequeath this castle, and the rich estates which Ambrosio now holds, to any male he pleased, provided he had no son: he had no child, my Cecile, but her who was your very image, and who was my honoured, my beloved mother; after whom you were baptized. Don Alphonso, whose famished resemblance is now before us, adopted for his male heir a young Frenchman, between whom and my mother was an indissoluble tie of hearts: and a strange coincidence of circumstances it was to Valmont, that the true owner of

this castle was obliged for saving his life, when once in imminent danger; and you have often heard me tell, how I once saved Don Ambrosio, at a time I little imagined he was the usurper of my possessions.

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"Wealth and title will urge the naturally vicious to attempt the blackest crimes. We sometimes see in the human race, such astonishing resemblances, though of quite different fa-

the *soi-disant* Count quitted it, with his whole household, for a castle belonging to the Almeydas, and situated in Oporto. The murder of my mother was then planned, who obstinately refused to be torn from her husband: they were put together in a room in this castle, which is situated very far from this apartment; it is the very chamber, my child, in which you sleep. The starving Don Alphonso, and this wretched bride and bridegroom, were then the only three inmates of the castle; and since that time it has never been inhabited, till I came to take possession of it;—but what a possession!—none of its wealthy appendages, which the lawless inheritor alone possesses!

"The confessor of my grandfather, a young monk, named Anselmo, had

been confined for some time by sickness; he came to the castle to perform his spiritual duties, and, astonished to find it thus deserted, he accidentally walked to the apartment where was confined the pretended maniac, Valmont, who instantly told him all that had happened. The good priest soon saw through the black design; and took his leave, determining to leave nothing undone that might lead to its detection. As he passed the first flight of stairs, a paper laid on the balustrade arrested his attention: it contained the following lines. "Valmont is accused to Don Alphonso Periando of heresy, and will shortly be dragged before the inquisition—he has tainted the religious principles of his wife, and her father casts her from his heart for ever.—I am a monster—a ruffian that murders for

hire—parental feeling wishes her not to groan under the torments of the inquisitorial executioner, but that she may be dispatched in haste. If flight is possible, fly to France, where no inquisition is allowed to exist. The angelic innocence and beauty of Donna Cecile softens the heart of the murderer: if in three days she is here, these hands must be imbrued in her blood."

"Here the art of the usurper shone conspicuous: he had deceived even the assassin into a belief that he was the true Alphonso; who in reality was possessed of the most bigotted principles, and held that part of scripture in its most perverted sense, which says, "*He who loves father or mother, &c. more than me, is not worthy of me.*"

"Anselmo, after reading this alarming billet, hastened back to my unhappy father and mother: flight was now their only refuge, and Anselmo prepared every thing to accelerate it that very evening; promising soon to join them, but not daring to accompany them, for fear of creating suspicion.

"Valmont, my paternal grandfather, had paid the debt of nature; he had left wealth enough to render my father and Donna Cecile easy and affluent. The name of Valmont is not uncommon in France, and it was not necessary for him to change his name. In a few months after my parents' arrival in France I was born.

"I discovered, as I grew up, an ardent and martial spirit: I had no idea that

I was any other person than the Baron de Valmont, a title I have long laid aside. My father and mother were often engaged in mysterious closetings, and long private conferences; often receiving letters from Italy, which they were careful to conceal from me.

"A skilful artist coming into France, my father had a picture, in miniature, taken of my beautiful mother, then in her prime of life, but faded from sorrow; it was taken in a peculiar attitude, in mourning, which she had suddenly put on some days before; beside her stood a coffin, in which lay a skeleton: but here," continued Valmont, taking the gold box from his pocket, "is the portrait. After my mother's death, my father had these words worked in her hair." Cecile then con-

pressed to her father she had seen the picture before.

"When my mother died, life and all its busy avocations became irksome to my father: before his death he gave into my hands a parcel of letters, sent him from Italy from a monk named Anselmo; and charged me not to pry into them, till I had attained the age of fifty. "At that period of life," said he, "the passions bow their romantic force to the cool and sober dictates of reason; at least they ought to do so: and all enthusiastic ardour in this affair would only ruin your fortunes, endanger your life, and could be of no avail to you, since the testimony of this holy father alone could not aid you; besides it is now several years since I have ceased to hear any thing of him."

"A parent's dying injunction had it full force; after he expired I laid by the papers, and the alarming situation of my country banished all thoughts from my mind, but those which had military achievements for their object. Edward the Third, and his heroic son, reared their conquering banners over desolated France, and I followed the Black Prince, in the train of the captive King John, to England; there I saw, loved, and wedded your mother.

"I had the happiness, one evening, to save the life of the beautiful Ambrosio, the owner of Almeyda's wealth and titles: worth, virtue, and magnanimity, form the basis of his character. Soon after that event, when I had attained the age of forty-eight, I lost your mother.

"Sickness, together with defraying some debts she had contracted, reduced me, when verging on fifty, to almost a state of indigence; and now I thought of Ambrosio's proposals, for I found my society neglected, though once eagerly sought after. I resolved then to quit my country for Portugal. My fiftieth birth day arrived! Unheeding, I took up the letters of Father Anselmo, with careless listlessness. Heavens! what a scene of iniquity did they unfold; and which my parents wisely had kept me in ignorance of. In these letters was accounted for the melancholy figure you see before you.

"When Father Anselmo found the castle totally abandoned, he traversed every apartment: when he arrived at the door of this, he heard a faint groan

—it was the door at which you entered—the materials were slight enough for him to burst it open, then in young athletic strength. The haggard, dreadful form of Don Alphonso met his eye, as you now behold it; some sense remained, but to recall life was vain, and he expired in the arms of Anselmo, who ran and made his report to the officers of justice. But the false Don Alphonso stood before them, and with hypocritical supplications intreated their pardon; declaring that he was ready to suffer any punishment they might choose to inflict for his having dared to take the law into his own hands; it was a servant of his, he said, once a favourite, who had been guilty of murder, and to screen him from an ignominious and torturing death, he had punished him himself. "Say no more, Don Alphon-

so," said the judge, "we know you well, and are convinced of your veracity; you have undoubted right over your vassals, to punish them as you think fit: as for you, young man, go and mind the spiritual concerns of the laity, but dare not, from your impertinent curiosity, to stigmatise the characters of our virtuous nobility."

"Anselmo was a poor young religious, and what could he do against despotic power, still at this time even so much invested in the Portuguese grandees. He departed again to Almeyda, revolving over and over in his mind how he should act.

"Conscience kept the usurper from this castle, which he declared was getting too ruinous to be inhabited;—it

really was extremely ancient: he remained, therefore, either at Oporto, or at a villa many leagues distant. Thus Anselmo had free ingress to the castle whenever he pleased.

"He gathered up the poor shattered remains of Don Alphonso, interred them with his own hands in the chapel, and over them, shortly after, erected the urn, under which you knelt, when you took a vow, I hope, no power on earth will tempt you to violate." Cecile blushed and trembled, and her father continued.

"Anselmo excelled in all the fine arts; in sculpture he was peculiarly eminent, and he made a statue and memorial from the dreadful object which was ever present to his memory, and

gave to its countenance that heart-rending look of expectancy, which glances towards the opening door." Cecile sunk on the lean arm of the statue, and burst into tears.

"My dear child," said Valmont, "his sufferings have long ceased: listen now to the conclusion of what so much interests me.

"The superiors of the monastery began to look on Anselmo with a jealous eye; they thought him inquisitive and troublesome; this hastened the scheme which had for some time possessed his thoughts: he imagined that, by a seclusion in an Italian monastery for a few years, he might, by the change in his person, venture to Oporto, where he was not known, under another

name, and perhaps get appointed confessor to the family of the Almeydas; for when death comes, in petrifying horror to the sinner, he is induced to unbosom his loaded conscience. Anselmo, however, thought he could but try: so dearly, so faithfully was he attached to the interests of the true heirs of Almeyda, that he resolved to leave no plan untried to invest them with their lost dignity. The usurper had married a noble lady of Portugal, and by her he had Sebastian Ambrosio, the father of the present Don Ambrosio.

"Anselmo had never had the small pox; after his arrival in Italy, he carefully haunted every place where that ravaging disorder was most infectious: he caught it, after some unavailing

risks he had ran, and became by it so scarred, so completely disfigured, that he could not be known: his great sufferings, and the dread of his disease, obtained him his dismission from the monastery; and after living three years, as one of the laity, he repaired to Portugal, under a borrowed name, and entered into a religious society at Oporto, which since established itself into a monastery, of which he became one of the superiors.

The false Don Alphonso lived to a great age; he gave alms, he regularly attended to his religious duties; was kind to his family and his vassals: he brought up his son to love and cherish virtue; and his name became honoured throughout the whole kingdom of Por-

tugal: he lived to see his grandson, the present Don Ambrosio.

"On his death bed conscience assailed him with the keenest pangs; and yet he could not bring himself to part with his darling and ill-got power.

"Last autumn I was sent for to a monastery at Oporto, where an aged superior wished to speak to me, who lay at the point of death: this was Anselmo, who was upwards of ninety years of age. In me he expected to behold my father; for he had heard, by accident, that a French gentleman, named Valmont, lived at the castle of Almeyda. His senses were perfect, and he had strength left to tell me the particulars of the pretended Don Alphonso's

death; which he should have sent to me, in writing, had he not feared interceptions: he accounted for his long silence, from not having obtained answers to frequent letters he had sent, during my stay in England; and so many having fallen in France, under the sword of the victorious Edward, he judged my father had been among the number. When he was summoned to receive the usurper's last confession, he wished Anselmo to swear, on his knees, inviolable secrecy. He answered him, that he well knew confessions were never disclosed, unless permitted. But this would not suffice: "No evasions!" said the dying man, "I will order another priest to attend me." Anselmo dreaded lest one less conscientious might attend him, and said, "Let your confession be written—seal it in my

presence—let me conceal it wherever you may appoint, and this done, I will give you absolution." This deception pleased the wretch, yet so devoted to earthly fame:—the confessions were drawn up and sealed. "Swear," said he, "no power on earth shall tempt you to break the seal:"—the priest took the oath. "Now," said the false Almeyda, "deposit it where you please, but tell no one the secret corner in which it may be concealed." This, Anselmo's oath to a dying sinner, he could not break, but told me I might search this castle, as it was hid in a recess here. "Providence," said the good man, "will now, I hope, put you in possession of your just rights—I die content." In a few minutes after he expired.

"For several months I sought, in vain,

but could find no private recess; when a thought struck me, that, as the alcove bedsteads are moveable, perhaps a recess might be at the back of your bed, which is the only one of its kind in the castle. I found one person could not move it; and I was obliged to engage, in my assistance, the mother of Marian, who died here last winter. I discovered a green silk curtain; I drew it on one side, and beheld a sweet picture of my angelic mother, as I recollect her when I was a boy. This was, undoubtedly, the work of that excellent artist, Anselmo. She was in a charming, becoming dress, which I used to delight in seeing her wear. She was depicted pointing towards the wainscot. "Oh, Sir!" said the old woman, "do not let that sweet picture hang there out of sight." I made her promise secrecy,

and that she never would suffer that he to be moved without my express or der; for here I thought I had found the object of my anxious search, and was in the right.

"I took down the picture; behind was a small opening, and there still li the papers sealed with the arms of Al meyda, which seal I will never brea but in the presence of Ambrosio. M last journey to Oporto was to see him but he was gone to take his favouri amusement of travelling. I am tol he is rather in a melancholy way, an that his voyages do not amuse him formerly. I have consulted an em nent doctor of the law; he has read th letters of Anselmo. "My claims," h says, "must be just; and that he h often heard his father speak of. D

Alphonso, whose person he was well acquainted with, and that he used to say that he could never be deceived by the resemblance of his officer to him."

"Come, my child," added he, to the attentive Cecile, "we will go to supper. I am in daily expectation of Ambrosio, and the two priests who were present at the testimony of the dying Anselmo, and which they took down in writing, will be here to-morrow morning. I find my health decaying fast, and I fear to leave thee unprovided for: thy testimony, when I am no more, young, helpless, and friendless as thou then wilt be, will be little regarded."

The priests arrived at an early hour the next morning, and about noon the elegant Ambrosio; his eyes shone with

love and delight, when he addressed the trembling Cecile; who, pale and spiritless, could scarce prevent herself from fainting when she beheld, in the graceful and manly form before her, her admired incognito: "Oh, Portugal!" thought she, "why was you blessed in his birth?"

And he—the innocent usurper of her father's rights!—Oh! how gladly, how cheerfully would she have embraced poverty for her own portion to support him in affluence, and in that state he seemed so formed to adorn. Her father esteemed him, he loved him, for his virtues. Oh! surely he would be contented with a little, and leave the worthy possessor yet master of Almeyda.

So reasoned the sweet Cecile. But

the degraded honour of Valmont's wife's ancestors must be retrieved; the murdered father of his beloved mother must be avenged; yet dearly did he owe Ambrosio; and never was business of such a kind so transacted before.

The hand-writing of Ambrosio's grandfather in his confessions was so well known to him, that there needed no other of those strong corroborating circumstances which so clearly evinced the rights of Valmont. One of the aged priests took upon him to make a proposal.

"My children," said he, "unite your claims! Let me join the hand of your daughter with that of Ambrosio in marriage." Cecile gave a shriek, and fainted in her father's arms.

"Oh, rash! oh, fatal vow!" cried Valmont; "oh! why, when I knew that worth like thine dwelt in the bosom of a Portuguese, did I urge her to take it? It is past! it cannot be recalled! and when she solemnly vowed never to wed one of thy country, little did I think Ambrosio would ever be proposed to her."

"Don Henrique D'Almeyda," said Ambrosio, with dignity, "hear me; I have long, unknown, loved your daughter, have followed her footsteps in various disguises, and gratified my ardent eyes in contemplating her lovely person. My passion, pure as angelic love ought to be, harboured not a thought towards her dishonour: but the pride of birth, to which I find I had no right, made me endeavour to con-

quer an inclination which urged me to form an unequal alliance; now innate pride and rectitude of mind shall never make me abject in the eyes of the world. I scorn to wed the lovely Cecile when deprived of my dignities, and thus appear the sordid wretch who could not give up Almeyda, which, though I enjoyed, an innocent usurper of, I will never inhabit or possess while the rightful owners live.

Cecile had recovered before Ambrosio spoke; in silent agony she heard him disclose his passion, and her looks but too well evinced the deep interest he held in her bosom. Valmont intreated him still to retain his castle at Oporto, and accept of a part of his wealth; but Ambrosio told him, that his grandmother had left him a small

independency, with which he should retire to a monastery and take the vows; being disappointed in a love the most ardent and refined: this promise he religiously kept, and ended his days in religious seclusion.

Cecile soon fell into a deep and rapid decline; and her aged and lamenting father lived to witness the loss of his only child: he survived her but a few months; leaving all his wealth to the monastery of which Ambrosio had become a member: and the proud castle of Almeyda soon sunk, by the all-subduing destroyer, Time, into a confused mass of mingled ruins.

TALE THE FIFTH.

BENZELMO,

THE FLORENTINE MERCHANT,

OR

*LOVE TRIUMPHANT.**

BENZELMO was the second son of a rich merchant of Florence; a man whose birth was not splendid, but whose fortunate speculations had pro-

* This tale was not found in the original manuscript, but is the production of a female well known for the elegant celebrity of several popular publications; and who permitted the author to insert it in these essays.

cured him that opulence which is the beaten path to rank and power. The mind of Lascardi was ambitious as it was enterprising; but it was not the warm glow of patriotic zeal, not the soaring blaze of senatorial fame, that fired his soul: he calculated deep, and combined, with effect. He was a man of plain fact! and he venerated the cheering lustre of his guineas, more than the brightest rays of genius. "For what," he would often say, "is to be done without their aid? Do they not open the mouth of the orator? Do they not warm the breast of the patriot? and expand the mind of the intellectual? Do they not animate the author's quill? and render us acceptable to the fair? Yet was Lascardi ambitious; he loved the consequence and popularity which are attached t

lk and splendour, and he thought he had so just a title to enjoyment, those who had the means to purchase . He married, therefore, his eldest n to the daughter of a Neapolitan bleman; whose illustrious descent d scroll of princely alliances, were r only dowry: he settled on him near e whole of his wealth to support the nk of the family he had entered into, d died, leaving Benzelmo, his second n, and only remaining child, little ore than his business and connexions.

By any one but Benzelmo, this unist and partial distribution would have een severely felt; and he did certainly perience much disappointment at the ading of his father's will: for, at ast, he had reckoned on an handsome pital, whereby he might indulge the

adventurous spirit inherited from his father, and render his name first and famous in the commercial world. Naturally of a sanguine habit, and early instructed in the calculations of loss and gain; a constant and eye witness to the success which had attended the schemes of his late father, Benzelmo felt the spirit of commerce his leading principle; and he determined to exert his utmost activity and diligence, through those means, to pave the way to future opulence: he therefore examined the concerns of his deceased parent with critical exactness; and finding some perplexing accounts with foreign houses, which his presence would best settle to his advantage, he freighted a vessel with a rich cargo of articles, best marketable in that country for which he was bound, and thus

calculating on a double profit from his undertaking, he placed a steady old clerk at the head of his affairs, and left Florence for Antigua.

On the arrival of Benzelmo in the West, fortune seemed inclined to extend towards him that favour she had so liberally lavished on his father. He collected without difficulty the debts of his deceased parent, and he disposed of his cargo to an advantage beyond his most sanguine calculations. The rank of his brother, the established respectability of his family, added to his own mercantile consequence, gave him free access to the first families of the island; and rich planter's widows and daughters, would have received without reluctance the addresses of Benzelmo: but Benzelmo gave them

no such opportunity. It is true, that if ever matrimony entered his thoughts, it was never without the accompaniment of a good fortune; but, which ever way considered, it presented an inseparable barrier to that liberty, and mercantile popularity, he was so zealous to preserve and establish. Benzelmo therefore returned to Florence, after an absence of fourteen months, enriched without the clog of matrimony.

His concerns in Europe had been equally prosperous; and while his brother was spending a fortune, Benzelmo was rapidly making one.

Although the merchant seldom mixed with the butterfly train which attended the court of his brother, yet there was

an *amicable distance* preserved between them. There was a sort of independent property consequence about Benzelmo, which made him think lightly of his brother's idle splendour. He smiled sarcastically at many of his modes; and on reading, in the diurnal prints, the description of a grand *fête* given at the christening of his *first-born*, he said to himself—"Well, well, this is certainly the way to get rid of a fortune; but when it is gone, will he know how to make another?"

Benzelmo was a man whose character it would require the skill of a Lavater to unfold. He had a calculating head, which was making rapid strides towards hardening a heart naturally humane: it had already armed it with the crust of suspicion, and

caution. It must be something *vast*—something *novel*, that could penetrate it, or abstract it from pecuniary speculations, and the love of gain. He could view with indifference the most brilliant assemblage of female beauty. "Fashionable women," he said, "were the ruin of men by their extravagance; handsome women plagued them to death with their caprices, and their vanities; and sensible women with their arguments and self-sufficientcy. He was not, however, without passions; but he calculated it was best to indulge them in a quiet, snug, and reasonable way. Benzelmo had not yet felt towards the other sex any thing more than a transient inclination; in the gratification of which, his general caution and prudence never forsook him. "When I can have another man's mistress," he

said, "why should I be at the expense of keeping one of my own." Benzelmo possessed a very tolerable person; and had it not been for a downcast, cogitating eye, a calculating brow, and a Change Alley walk, you would have noticed him as a handsome man. His manners were negligen tand unpolished. He despised all compliment as coxcomical; and considered metaphor as the sworn enemy to *plain fact.* He had none of that *small change* about him which Chesterfield terms *the current coin of society,* but if he thought the saying a civil thing would render you any service, he would stretch a point to oblige you. In his general conversation he was taciturn in the extreme; and he was seldom known eloquent but *on Change.* He had a confirmed aversion to all fictitious dis-

plays of sorrow; nor could the deepest tragedy, or the most pathetic tale, extract a tear from his eye; yet he would melt at the death of a NELSON, or a WASHINGTON; and has been known privately to assist the unfortunate and indigent. Such was Benzelmo on his return from the West Indies. He had a flourishing and respectable business, and an increased capital; and with it had increased also his thirst for accumulation.

One evening, when his ships were on their stations, and he had leisure for relaxation, Benzelmo had wandered amidst some of that beautiful scenery which environs the city of Florence. He was in a thoughtful mood, calculating on the profits of his outward-bound ventures; and he observed

t the approaching storm, till the elling of the river Arno, the sudden ists of wind amidst the foliage in the le, and the large drops of rain, re- inded him of his unsheltered situa- on. The storm seemed to approach ith rapid fury; and Benzelmo looked ound to discover an habitation where : might seek refuge from its effects, it could espy none within his reach. t length, glancing towards the left, nbosomed in a copse, he discovered a :at white cottage. Thither he bent is steps with speed; and approaching rough a flower-garden, which was ridently cultivated by the hand of ste, he knocked at the door, and re- uested shelter till the storm should bate. A respectable female servant :ceived his request, and delivered it) her mistress; who observing the

sober and correct appearance of the solicitor, hesitated not to extend towards him the rites of hospitality. Benzelmo was shown into an apartment, small, but tastefully furnished. There was evidently ingenuity aiding economy, and supplying the deficiences of fortune; and simple elegance shone in the place of affluence and splendour. The servant brought a glass of cordial, and a military great coat, with her mistress' compliments, and begged he would permit the servant to dry the one wetted by the storm; and she would have the pleasure of waiting on him soon. Benzelmo was charmed with his courteous reception; and felt his curiosity and interest alike excited to learn something of the family from whom he received it. He inquired of the servant if her master was at home; and

found from her reply, and his own subsequent interrogations, that his benevolent hostess was an Italian, and the widow of an English officer, who, with her daughter, a child about four years of age, had been thrown by domestic calamity from the place she formerly held in society, and had lately taken up her residence in that cottage, where she resided on an income scarcely sufficient, in the opinion of Benzelmo, to furnish the necessary comforts of life. The merchant mused in silent wonder on all he saw and heard. That so much elegance, and apparent tranquillity, could exist without wealth, was a problem he found it difficult to solve. Riches were, in his estimation, the only means by which happiness was to be attained; and he considered those without fortune, as not only wretched,

but almost contemptible. The feelings of Benzelmo certainly admitted the *present instance,* as an exception to his general opinion; an exception more firmly established by the entrance of the widow.

Mrs. Seymore was a woman about thirty; she was by no means critically handsome; her *tout ensemble,* however, was striking; and it was impossible to pass her in a crowd without remarking her as a fine woman. She had a commanding figure, and the air of one who had mixed much in polished society; and she possessed a fascination of manners, which consisted of blended cordiality, dignity, and *naiveté.* Her mind was furnished with useful and ornamental acquirements—her penetration was deep—her imagination vivid,

her heart warm, and her judgment sound.

Having in the early days of her marriage mixed much in the gay world, she was acquainted with its delusions, its attractions, and its snares: and she retired from the paths of dissipation and pleasure, with a heart uncontaminated, and a character unimpeached. Her observation and judgment led her to form a just estimation of happiness, and the means by which it was most likely to be attained; and in the day of her adversity she entered the vale of retirement as much from choice as necessity.

Such was the female who now presented herself to Benzelmo. She treated him with that cordiality which is

the essence of genuine hospitality; and the offspring of a benevolent heart. She conversed with him on various subjects, with that unconstrained ease, and fluency of elocution, which is the test of good-breeding, and the overflow of a perceptive and well-stored mind. The merchant was captivated with the polish of her manners; and contemplated with pleasing wonder, the visible extent of her information. He had considered the knowledge of the wisest woman, but as the tinselled ornament of sentiment and metaphor: but when he heard Mrs. Seymore converse in history and ethics, and found her well acquainted with the manners, customs, and commerce, of different countries, he readily admitted another exception in favour of the sex; and a sort of shadowy conviction flitted across his

mind, that such a wife as Mrs. Seymore might render a man's home very comfortable, if she had but a fortune. Certain it is, that never in all his intercourse with the sex had Benzelmo been so attracted; and the emotions which he experienced were symptomatic of approaching love.

Long had the storm been hushed—long had the drops of rain glittered on the flowers and shrubs, and received their rainbow tints from the bright beams of an Italian sun, ere Benzelmo recollected it was time to depart. He was just rising for the purpose of taking leave, when the maid-servant entered, followed by a beautiful child (the daughter of Mrs. Seymore) and announced supper. Mrs. Seymore having heard from Benzelmo of his family

and connections, (some of which were known to her by report) politely requested he would partake of her humble meal before he departed. Benzelmo needed little persuasion. He was conducted by his fair hostess into a small back parlour, which opened into a neat lawn, bordered with a rude and thick shrubbery of evergreens. Honey-suckles and jessamine shaded a small bow-window in the gothic style. *Bouquets* of flowers in jars were tastefully disposed about the room; and a harp and small tambarine occupied the recess of the bow-window. Benzelmo partook sparingly of the simple fare of the widow. It consisted of fruit, eggs, and confectionary, with light wines and lemonade. The merchant admired the chaste economy of the repast. Every thing he saw inspired

him with sensations new and pleasing; and after expressing himself warmly and gratefully for the kind reception afforded him, he took his departure, and directed his steps towards home.

For the first time in his life Benzelmo was kept awake by other sensations than these which arise from pecuniary considerations. To say the truth, he never dwelt a moment on the failure, or success of his outward-bound ventures; and when, in restless slumbers, the drowsy god visited him, the interesting widow was ever the heroine of his dreams.

Benzelmo rose in the morning unrefreshed; and finding it irksome to attend to business, he left it to his clerks to answer the letters of his cor-

respondence; and determined to seek from air and exercise, that refreshment which sleep had refused him. Benzelmo was in the act of tying a silk handkerchief round his throat in his usual negligent way, when a thought struck him, that common civility demanded his leaving his ticket with the widow, after the hospitable reception she had given him the day before. He immediately rang for his servant, went to his chamber, improved his personal appearance, and sallied forth, equipped in that respectable attire, that national assemblage of *costume*, which is equally removed from the foppery of fashion; and the studied, affected, and filthy negligence of the pedant. The visit of the merchant at the cottage of Mrs. Seymore, was equally favourable with his first introduction, and a week

never passed without several of its evenings being spent in the society of the widow. If Benzelmo determined on quitting his home, to take a contrary direction, still he invariably found himself wandering (as by instinct) in the path towards the cottage.

The emotions of Benzelmo were now no longer undefinable; and he began to question himself as to the *prudence* of his conduct. The result of these inquiries were, that he certainly preferred the widow Seymore to all the women he had ever seen. He considered her as possessing every attraction which could captivate the heart; and every qualification which could render a wife desirable; except that most solid of all endowments, *fortune*. There were also two other obstacles to the

calculating mind of Benzelmo equally insurmountable. He thought he perceived in the simple elegance of her house, her garden, and her attire, a taste for expense, which, in a portionless woman, was inadmissible. It is true, the strictest economy and frugality seemed to regulate her little household: but that economy might be merely the offspring of *necessity*, not the effects of *principle;* and in that case, were she placed in a state of affluence, the fortune of her husband might be heedlessly squandered in the fripperies of life. Then her child!!—Benzelmo was not without feeling, or insensible to the emotions which unprotected innocence inspires. He was often captivated with the playful fondness of the little Madeline; and he felt ready to serve both herself and mother,

n at the expense of his *purse:* but
being obliged to support another
n's child, was an extravagance his
idence could not reconcile. He de-
mined, therefore, to continue his vi-
to the widow on the score of friend-
p *only;* and carefully to avoid say-
any thing which might indicate
re serious designs.

While these considerations were pas-
g in the mind of Benzelmo, Mrs.
more was alike occupied in reflec-
ns on his conduct. The regular,
l constant visits of the merchant,
l awakened in her breast some anx-
y as to their propriety; but having
mitted them, it was difficult now to
cline them, without appearing ca-
ious; or implying an expectation,
which her delicacy revolted. Ben-

zelmo did not at first view seem the man exactly calculated to ensnare the heart of a woman like Mrs. Seymore; but having in her earlier days seen much of *polished vice*, she was now assailable only on the side of principle and worth; she respected, therefore, the honor and probity of Benzelmo's character, and acknowledged the unobtrusive quietness of his manners; and though she admitted his deficiency in those little pleasing attentions which are the general offspring of polish and tenderness, yet she thought in the integrity of his principles, and the equanimity of his temper, there was a good foundation for happiness. Nothing now could induce Mrs. Seymore to mix again with the gay and fashionable class of society, but the cheerless and forlorn feeling of a vacant heart, form-

ed to repose itself on the bosom of love, and confidence, aided by the circumscribed state of her finances, rendered her by no means averse to forming a second connection, which might ecure an honorable protector to herself nd child, and where her affections night safely rest.

The visits of Benzelmo were therefore continued, and received as usual; nd each succeeding one was expected by the widow to terminate in a declaration of attachment, and an offer of his hand: but each succeeding day went by; and though the assiduities of he merchant increased, yet no such leclaration was expressed.

Mean while the associates of Benzelno could not but remark his improved

appearance. His aspect, formerly grave, almost to sullenness, was now lively and animated: and there was a liquid sprightliness in his eye, and a glow on his cheek, which had given a different expression to his whole countenance. Benzelmo saw that he was not indifferent to the widow; and the pleasing conviction of being preferred by her, had occasioned this transformation. It was the delightful magic effect of a happy love.

About this time a circumstance occurred which put to flight his prudent determinations, and rendered his calculating head subservient to the soft emotions of his heart.

One evening, as he was passing down the grove which led towards Mrs. Sey-

more's garden, his attention was arrested by the sound of voices, as of two persons in debate. The sound evidently came from the garden of the widow. The circumstance was strange and unexpected, it excited his curiosity; and he hastened to a particular spot, which he knew would give him a view of the persons conversing. Mrs. Seymore was in the act of pleading with a rough looking man; she occasionally held her handkerchief to her eyes; and as they approached the spot where Benzelmo was stationed, he distinctly heard the man say, "It is to no purpose, Madam, to ask for any longer time, for I tell you, once for all, I must have my money; and as to your *note*, that is the same as nothing, for who the devil will discount it."—"Leave me at least till to-morrow

night," answered the soft voice of the widow, "and I will try what is to be done amidst my friends. I have already told you how incapable I am to discharge it."

"'Tis very expensive remaining at inns," roughly returned the man; "however, I am willing to give you all the time I can, and therefore will sleep at the hotel to night, and expect you to settle this troublesome business by to-morrow evening." The widow bowed a melancholy assent, and the man departed.

Benzelmo debated with himself whether he should pursue his intention of calling on Mrs. Seymore that evening. After what he had heard, he feared to intrude on her private sor-

; yet really felt a sincere wish to
ve them. He thought it possible
the friendly intimacy which now
isted between them, might lead
to disclose her present perplexity
: he present; and by that means
him the opportunity he wished
—of affording her assistance. But
knocking at her door, he was in-
ied by the servant, that her mistress
much indisposed, and was retired
er chamber. Benzelmo had really
umane heart, though his love of
ith, and his intercourse with the
mercial world, had somewhat hard-
it: and compassion for the indi-
situation of the widow, now blend-
with his attachment to her person;
he generously determined to be-
d her in the present emergency.
accordingly called early in the

morning at the hotel near her residence; and on inquiring for the gentleman who was come on business to the village of Mrs. Seymore, introduced himself as the relation of that lady, who was come for the purpose of settling her account. The man produced his claim; it was a tavern debt of her late husband's; which, to preserve his honor, she had taken upon herself to discharge. Benzelmo payed the money, and obtained the man's receipt; and he hastened home with a heart alive to emotions to which it had been hitherto a stranger. Sweet were his sensations, and sweet the reflections which rose in his breast.—He had relieved the distress of a fellow creature—he had assisted, in a painful extremity, the woman he loved. New and delightful were his feelings; for

in the satisfaction he experienced, he could not but acknowledge that sordid interest had no share.

Mrs. Seymore passed a sleepless night, debating on what plan she should pursue in the morning: and she had just come to the reluctant determination to apply to an iron-hearted relation, resident in Florence, who, with the means in his power to render her comfortable, had shut up his bowels of compassion against her, and left her to contend, unassisted and unprotected, with a merciless world. Mrs. Seymore was in the act of folding her letter, when a packet was delivered for her by a messenger unknown. On opening it, what was her surprise—what her grateful pleasure, to find, inclosed in a sheet of blank paper, a *receipt in full*,

for the sum due to her obdurate creditor.

She was at a loss to guess the benevolent object that had thus stepped in to her relief; for she knew not a soul to whom the affair had been communicated, except the relation before mentioned; and she well knew the act was not his. Besides which, there was no post-mark on the letter; it was therefore evidently the act of some one near. "It must be Benzelmo!" she said to herself; and the colour rushed into her check, as the possibility flashed across her mind. "Yet how should he become acquainted with the circumstance of my necessity," she added. A pleasing perplexity possessed the feelings of Mrs. Seymore, as she sought to convince herself.

There is something sweet and soothing to the human heart, to find itself the object of affectionate interest in the chilling hour of adversity; and though Mrs. Seymore wished anxiously to avoid pecuniary obligation, yet, needing a friend in her present distress, she felt less reluctance in owing assistance to Benzelmo than to any other object, who might make her feel too painfully sensible of the favour bestowed. Some time elapsed before Mrs. Seymore was absolutely convinced, that Benzelmo was the person who stood in the light of her benefactor. A circumstance, however, occurred, which established the supposition beyond a doubt. Conversing with him one evening, the subject turned on the claims and privileges of true friendship; and Mrs. Seymore remarked, that "the friend

who imposed on another an act of kindness, without permitting an acknowledgement, certainly possessed the pure and genuine spirit of munificence; at the same time he deprived his friend of the pleasure arising from that grateful tribute of thanksgiving which the heart delights to pay! I speak feelingly on this subject," she continued, "for I have long been impressed with the sense of a very important service, rendered me in the hour of necessity, by some benevolent soul, who has never to this moment permitted me to express my acknowledgements: for though my suspicions have rested on *one friend*, yet I have not received the smallest intimation that it is to his generosity, and friendship, I owe the obligation." The widow threw a significant glance at Benzelmo as she finished her sentence;

and the bright glow of his countenance lighted the torch of conviction in her breast. She caught, as it were involuntary, his hand, and continued, "yes, my good friend, I see plainly my conclusions are just! I owe to you even more than you imagine! This quiet retreat must have been forfeited, had it not been for your benevolence. Why have you so long withheld me from offering you those heart-felt thanks which are your due?" Benzelmo, it has been said, was a man of few words. Where his feelings were concerned he *expressed little.* In the present instance he only pressed the hand of Mrs. Seymore with tenderness, and placed her arm within his, with an expression which said—let me ever protect you! "How am I to comprehend you," said the candid, and eloquent Mrs. Sey-

more; "own to me, freely, that you were the generous friend that humanely settled the distressing business to which I allude; and let me express myself as I ought."—"The person who is so happy as to render a service to Mrs. Seymore," answered Benzelmo, "is the object favored, and therefore needs no acknowledgement; but oblige me, dear Madam, by dropping this subject, —I trust that in me, Mrs. Seymor ewill ever find a friend." Mrs. Seymore only replied softly, "how shall I ever repay this generous deed!" and Benzelmo, thrown of his guard by the tenderness of the scene, answered quickly "with"—*thyself* he had nearly said; but his prudence and self-possession stept in to his aid; and he hesitatingly added, "with your friendship in return." This interview, so interesting

to each, was now interrupted by the arrival of little Madeline, who came running with some choice grapes from the vineyard, which she offered to Benzelmo, saying, eagerly, " for you, Sir, for you, because you are good." The merchant caught the sweet innocent in his arms. He kissed with paternal tenderness the rosy cheek of Madeline, while the soft glance of tenderness, and affection, stole towards her mother. The tear of sensibility swam in the eyes of Mrs. Seymore.—Benzelmo pressed the child still closer to his bosom, and caressed her with redoubled tenderness. Madeline twined her little arms round his neck, and returned his kisses with infantine fondness. The soul of Benzelmo dissolved with the sweetest, the purest sensations; and now was the moment when

wealth, fame, and future renown, even avarice itself, surrendered at the shrine of *sensibility* and *love*. Worldly calculations were forgotten. The insatiable thirst after riches was hushed. Mrs. Seymore and her child stood before him, and they were now considered as the choicest treasures of Benzelmo.

The merchant took the hand of Mrs. Seymore, and for the first time pressed it to his lips. He placed her arm within his, and with his other supported her child. They passed on towards the village in that sacred silence which breathes the mute eloquence of the soul. "Let it be ever thus," at length said the merchant. Mrs. Seymore knew not how to reply to so indefinite an expression: but the agita-

tion of her feelings, conveyed a gentle pressure to the arm of Benzelmo, on which she leaned. The merchant availed himself of the tender encouragement. He urged his suit with that honest warmth which spoke its sincerity. He invoked no God to witness his assertions; he was neither rhapsodical, poetical, or metaphorical; but the native energy of a pure passion, stood confessed in each expression, and found a ready access to the heart and understanding of Mrs. Seymore. She was above affecting a reluctance which her breast disowned; and with that native ingenuousness which was the leading feature of her character, she modestly acknowledged her preference, and unhesitatingly received him as the future legal protector of herself and child.

Benzelmo returned hom
full of the sweetest sensation
at peace—he was satisfied
self: for he held it no mea
to have inspired a woman o
more's merit and endowm
sentiments of esteem and
his favor: and on reading
of his foreign correspond
gave an account of the suc
last enterprise, he felt how
was wealth to procure hap
less shared with the chosen
our love. Benzelmo, therefo
er *hard*—no longer specu
feelings softened, and his h
ed; now estimated riches o
promoted the rational happi
self, and those around him.
was the seat of hospitality.
looked up to him with emot

tion and gratitude nearly enthusiic. The prudent man copied the ıer and regular conduct of Benmo. The great respected, and the ɔr blessed him; and Benzelmo ıself blessed the moment, when the ezing influence of approaching ava-e was arrested by the shaft of senility and love.

TALE THE SIXTH.

THE

GARDEN OF LEISURE.

AN ALLEGORY.

LEISURE was the daughter of WEALTH and RETIREMENT: when WEALTH fled from his family, LEISURE yet found herself in easy circumstances, and went to pass the remainder of her days in a cottage, planned and adorned by her mother, where every placid and rural comfort presented themselves to the delighted imagination; choice books, a garden well cultivated, and which

required only indefatigable ca
it in its native order and elega

RETIREMENT, in this happ
would often point out to her c
that, to her alone, belonged
to keep every thing in that o
had found it.

"Thy mild, delusive qualit
would say, "the softness and
of thy disposition, afford the
delight to the mind of reflec
study; it is thou alone who
true zest to the happiness of th
RETIREMENT, as we explore
the ever instructive volume
Nature's works; while Learni
magic influence, stands ready
summons, inviting us to peruse
mortal works of her favourites:

stimulate thee, my child, to tread in their illustrious steps. The GARDEN thou so much admirest was cultivated by the hands of IMAGINATION and TASTE; neglect it not! it is left to thy hands! it is the emblem of thy future fame! In that small mansion at the bottom of it, dwelt INDOLENCE and TIMIDITY; their cottage is unadorned, for FANCY flies from it affrighted. The walls, half whitened, half mouldy by damp, prove but too well the minds of the inhabitants. Shun their acquaintance; listen not to the disheartening counsels of TIMIDITY; she will tell thee, that it is impossible for thee to cultivate a Garden for which thou hast no genius; and oft times, with false modesty and the pretended sincerity of a friend, will she introduce you to her sister DIFFIDENCE, and make you relinquish an

employment you may begin to take some delight in: but better is it that she should attack thee, than her companion INDOLENCE: TRUTH may sometimes accompany TIMIDITY, whereas she ever carefully shuns the path of INDOLENCE; if once thou sufferest thyself to be swayed by her pernicious advice, thou art lost; nothing so dangerous as to trust her as a friend; she assumes the air of her twin sister TRANQUILLITY, and is sometimes mistaken for her; both had but one preceptor, and he was SLOTH! Thus, oft times, though TRANQUILLITY is generally found in the company of GOODNESS and VIRTUE, she has yet imbibed something of the manners of her tutor; and her sister INDOLENCE can so imitate her, as to make it difficult for a slight acquaintance to discover the fraud. Oh! be-

ware of INDOLENCE, she will use her utmost endeavour to introduce herself into thy endearing society; thy Garden, through her persuasions, will be totally neglected, and that which should only be adorned with the choicest flowers, will run riot with exuberant weeds."

LEISURE listened attentively, and seemed to lay up every word in her heart: she read much—she meditated on what she read: the works of different authors of celebrity inspired her with emulation to write in her turn. She took up her pen, but soon threw it from her in despair, to find her writings so poor, so very far beneath the compositions of other authors. She wandered about her Garden; it yet appeared free from weeds; but TIMI-

DITY, with her sister DIFFIDENCE, ever impeded her walk. She avoided any conversation with them, but stopped at a distance to examine their features: DIFFIDENCE appeared meek and gentle; but the frowns of TIMIDITY, and the terror that sat on her countenance, were freezing as the glances of DESPONDENCY.

LEISURE, after this, carefully avoided the path she saw them enter; and, as they had thrown themselves in her way, one evening, she hastened back to regain her cottage: she was surprised to find her seat usurped by INDOLENCE, who, with a listless air, was perusing her writings: she seemed to quit her occupation with difficulty, and LEISURE invited her to continue awhile where she was.

A delicate softness and complacency seemed to give INDOLENCE, at that moment, peculiar attractions: in the present disposition of LEISURE, she remarked a happy kind of quiet on her countenance, which bespoke a mind at ease; and, as she contemplated her in silent approbation, and had just entered into a conversation with her new guest, RETIREMENT, supported by INDUSTRY, entered the apartment; INDOLENCE, awed by the presence of the latter, immediately withdrew, while RETIREMENT severely chid her daughter for thus disobeying her commands.

The next morning she rose early, and saw the fatal effects of having listened, even for a moment, to INDOLENCE: the weeds already began to spring, and threatened destruction to

all the admired plants: she began to try to eradicate them, it was not yet too late; but INDOLENCE again got the better of her; and so much so, as to gain her consent to repose herself in her comfortless habitation. The sight of this neglected cottage at first made her shudder; but by frequent visits even this neglect had its charms. INDOLENCE, perceiving her love of study, collected the most agreeable works for her amusement, and taught her that the love of order was fit only for the souls of dull mechanics: that the liberal muse ever fled from those who did not wildly give themselves up to her; and that the fetters of art and exactitude would inevitably cause her departure: thus counselled, and thus giving herself up to her evil counsellor, the nymph totally forgot the admoni-

tions of RETIREMENT, and at length entirely neglected her.

Happening again to wander in the Garden after some months absence, she was shocked and surprised to find the weeds had grown to such an alarming height, that every flower was wholly obscured: LEISURE wept at her folly, and turning herself round, she beheld, standing at her elbow, a figure of uncommon height and Herculean make: determination sat on his brow, and his limbs were cased in iron armour.—"My name," said he, "is PERSEVERANCE! attend to my advice, and thou shalt scarce find any thing too difficult, if thou wilt implicitly follow it.—Take this pruning knife," continued he, "lop off the weeds! there is no necessity for tearing up the roots."

She now began to work
and heeded not the threats
sions of INDOLENCE; but
and DIFFIDENCE urged her
tinue her task. "Poison,"
"lurks in that thistle; it is
thistle of ENVY: that nettle
ous, it contains the sting o
CISM, and thou wilt suffer fc
sumption!" LEISURE dro
pruning knife, and was has
back to her mother's cottage
met her, leaning on a fema
with rags, while INDUSTRY, v
ful aspect, followed behind.

"The Gods," cried RE
"whose acts of chastisement
acts of mercy, have sent Po
a short time, to our assistar
do not attach ourselves to t

power that follows me, POVERTY will never quit us. PERSEVERANCE is coming to assist thee; and I charge thee, in this instance, neglect not her counsels."

The iron-armed power, hardened by continual and resolute fatigue, gave her an helping hand: but, dreadful sight! every flower was ruined by her neglect, and weeds alone remained: hurried on by vexation, she ran to her cottage to consume to ashes the fatal cause of her distress.

As she was committing these unfortunate weeds to the flames, ENCOURAGEMENT entered, and, with a smile benign as the morning, prevented her. "VEXATION and IMPETUOSITY," said she, "often hurry on their votaries to

deeds of desperation; that fire was kindled by DESPONDENCY and SELF-LOVE; heed not the call of either; though their motives are different, they both lead to the same end. You either wish for supreme glory, or you listen to DESPONDENCY. There is no Garden without some weeds—ours, it is true, is nothing else: but behold that skilful botanist, UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENCE! from the poorest and wildest weeds of Nature, he can extract some virtue; and among those rude flowers, his eye, that sees every thing in the fairest light, may find some traces of natural beauty; aided by CANDOR, GOOD NATURE, and LIBERALITY, he will inspect these weeds with a gentle, though with a scrutinizing eye."

So, the Author of these humble Essays trusts, that those virtues which

shine so conspicuous among the Literati of GREAT BRITAIN, will deign to cast an eye of beneficence on these productions, and divest the shafts of Criticism of their keenness and rigour.

CONCLUSION.

"SUCH is the end of these strangely discovered tales!" said the interesting Sophia, as she closed the manuscript. "Yes," replied Lady Bennington, "and my astonishment is redoubled at your finding them in the place you did; for it is evident they were intended for the public eye, and it cannot be very long since they were written."

Scarce had she completed the last sentence, when a loud knocking at the massy door of the great hall, preceded by the sound of carriages and the trampling of horses, were heard.—"It is my father," said Sophia, and

so it proved; but to the great surprise of Lady Bennington, an elegant man of fashion accompanied him, leading in his hand a favoured young friend of Lady Bennington's, who had formerly borne the name of Mordaunt, and whom he now presented as his bride: this surprise was quickly succeeded by the gentleman exclaiming, "Have you then really forgotten me, Madam?"

Lady Bennington expressed a faint recollection of his voice, but persisted in declaring herself a stranger to his person. "Does not your ladyship recollect," said Mr. Beauchamp, "your gardener Thomas?"—"Yes," said Lady Bennington; "but is it possible? Indeed, I really believe, now I look at you again, that Mr. Beauchamp and my late gardener

Thomas is the same person."—"Love," replied Beauchamp, "has caused more wonderful metamorphoses: it was your charming friend, Miss Mordaunt, who drew me hither;—to her I had been long and ardently devoted: at the time I hired myself as a gardener to Sir George, I was then a younger brother, and neither my father nor Miss Mordaunt's would give their consent to so disproportionate an union. To keep the young lady out of my way, she was sent here last summer, on a visit for three months: Sir George Bennington happened, fortunately for me, to want a gardener; and though I promised myself nothing but the happiness of frequently gazing on my Charlotte, (for I was resolved not to discover myself,) I procured an excellent character from an old fellow-colle-

gian, in whom I knew I could confide, and was lucky enough to obtain the place I sought for; and being a tolerable proficient in botany and gardening, I hope, Sir George, I gave satisfaction." To this the Knight assented, with a great oath, and an hearty shake of the hand, and Mr. Beauchamp continued,

"When the time of Miss Mordaunt's visit was expired, having no longer any inducement to act the gardener, and my elder brother soon dying, my father took his death so much to heart, that he quickly followed him. I became, then, sole heir to his wealth. I sought my lovely Charlotte, and her father being no longer averse to the match, we were united in marriage; double happy in the mutual affection of our own hearts

and a parent's approbation.—But, good heavens! what do I see here?" continued he, taking up the manuscript from the little work-table—"The wild produce of my leisure evening hours, to avoid the company and conversation of your servants."—"Yes," said Sophia, "the maids often said, that Mr. Thomas the gardener was always scribbling from morning to night; but," added she in a whisper, for fear her father should hear her, "how came you, Sir, to hide them in that strange place?"

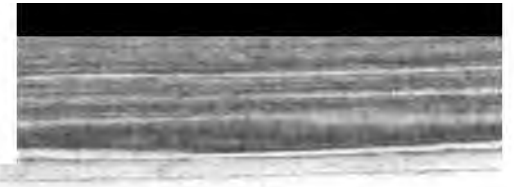
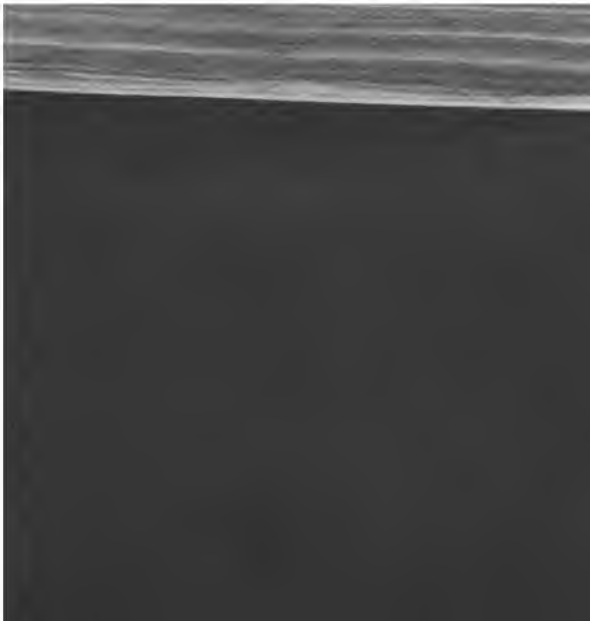
"Once," replied Mr. Beauchamp, "Sir George had caused the door to be unfastened, that the recess might be better filled up, as the wind, in winter time, found its way through the crevices in the vestibule below, that led up to the

chambers, which were continually inhabited; and I threw these trifling productions among the bricks and mortar, there to perish in oblivion; but now, by some strange fatality, they are brought to light: I had, indeed, some thoughts, in my days of poverty, (for my father loved money, and gave me very short allowance,) of offering this manuscript to the public."—"And why not?" said Lady Bennington: "yet allow me to make one remark; you know I am a true-born *Englishwoman,* who seldom extend my travels from home more than forty miles; I own myself a little national, and feel half inclined to quarrel with you, for making your most interesting characters foreigners, and laying your chief scenes in Italy and Normandy."

"It is the sameness that has prevailed in England, ever since I began to think at all," replied Mr. Beauchamp, "that has caused me to wander out of my native country; I cannot draw my characters from low life, and our gentlemen are little more than excellent coachmen, well skilled in the pedigree of a race-horse, or eminent in the art of donkey racing; are they endowed with bodily strength? they are then excellent pugilists;—their shrewdness consists in *quizzing*;—their contempt of forms shows itself in ill manners, and gloriously and unanimously despising all women of wit and sentiment:—to depict such heroes of romance is a subject too soon exhausted, and too futile. The age of valorous chivalry is surely revived in the brave actions of a MOORE, a

WELLESLEY, and a SIDNEY SMITH; but can the pen or the tongue be able to *half* utter their praises; no, their deeds speak their worth, and will transmit their eulogium to future ages.

"Pardon me, ladies, I speak to a trio which reflect honour on the sex; but how few English females we are now possessed of these pure, refined, enthusiastic virtues, which fashion and home-spun ideas, equally brand with the title of romantic: they are now half-dressed, half-animated statues; their beauties, both mental and personal, observed in a perpetual evening crowd; whence sense is often banished, and where folly, in the garb of fashion and splendour, smiles in triumph.

"Thus, to pursue the language of my former occupation, I culled exotics chiefly from other ctimates, and transported them here, to flourish under the generous sun of that protecting candour which distinguishes the impartial and liberal English reader."

THE END.